THE PLATONICK LOVERS.

A Tragæcomedy.

Preſented at the private Houſe in the
BLACK-FRYERS,

By his Majeſties Servants.

The Authour WILLIAM D'AVENANT,
Servant to her Majeſtie.

LONDON,
Printed for *Richard Meighen*, next to the
Middle Temple in Fleetſtreet.
1636.

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TO THE MOST NOBLE,

Mr. Henry Iermyn.

SIR,

I Have boldy fix'd your name heere, to ſhew the world, where I have ſetled my eſtimation and ſervice: and expect, it ſhould adde much to my judgement, that I have made ſo excellent a choice. When you have leiſure, and can a little neglect your time, bee pleas'd to become my firſt Reader. If it ſhall gaine your liking, the ſevere Rulers of the Stage will be much mended in opinion; and then, it may be juſtlie acknowledg'd, you have recover'd all the declining Fame, belonging to

Your unfortunate

Servant,

William D'Avenant.

THis *Play of* THE PLATONICK LOVERS, *may be Printed this* 19. Ianuary. 1635.

HENRY HERBERT.

PROLOGVE.

'TIs worth my ſmiles, to thinke what inforc'd waies
And ſhifts, each Poet hath to helpe his Plaies.
Ours now beleeves, the Title needs muſt cauſe
From the indulgent Court, a kind applauſe,
Since there hee learn't it firſt, and had command
T'interpret what hee ſcarce doth underſtand.
And then (forſooth) he ſaies, becauſe 'tis new
'Twill take; and be admir'd too, by a few:
But all theſe eaſie hopes, I'de like t'have marr'd,
With witneſsing his Title was ſo hard,
'Leaſt halfe our Citty audience would be loſt,
That knew not how to ſpell it on the Poſt.
Nay, hee was told, ſome Criticks lately ſpent
Their Learning to find out, it nothing meant:
They will expect but little (hee replies)
From that which nought or little ſignifies.
Well, I (your Servant) who have labour'd heere
In Buskins, and in Socks, this thirty yeare,
I'th truth of my experience, could not chuſe
But ſay, theſe ſhifts would not ſecure his Muſe:
Then ſtraight preſented to his willing feare,
How you are growne of late, harſh, and ſeverе.
(Excuſe mee that I am bold to ſpeake my mind
I'th darke, of what ſo blackly I find.)
But this hath made him mourne; I've left him now
With's limber Hat, o'reſhadowing his brow,
His Cloke caſt thus — to hinder from his eare,
The ſcornes and cenſures hee may ſhortly heare:
Such as ſhall teach, diſtaire, leade him the way,
Vnto a Grove of Cypreſſe, not of Bay.

The Perſons of the Play.

Theander,	A young Duke, lately a Generall.
Phylomont,	A young Duke that borders by him.
Sciolto,	An old Lord, friend to *Theander.*
Fredeline,	Creature to *Theander.*
Caſtraganio,	Creature to *Fredeline.*
Gridonell,	A young Soldier, Sonne to *Sciolto.*
Buonateſte,	A generous Artiſt.
Arnoldo, *Iaſpero,*	Attendants on *Theander.*
Eurithea,	Mris to *Theander,* ſiſter to *Phylomont.*
Ariola,	Mris to *Phylomont,* ſiſter to *Theander.*
Amadine,	Woman to *Eurithea,* ſiſter to *Caſtraganio.*
Attendants, &c.	

The Scene *Sicilie.*

THE PLATONICK LOVERS.

Act. I. Scen. I.

Enter Sciolto, Arnoldo, Iaspero, Attendants.

Sciolto.

WHat hoe? *Arnoldo, Iaspero?* Diſpatch,
Diſpatch? You move like great fat Burghers that
Had newly din'd, Criples would ſtirr more nimbly
To a whipping? Are all things prepard?
Arn. My Lord theres time enough, the Duke will (not
Be here till night.
Sciol. From whence pray that Intelligence,
From the *Gazet*, brought hither by a Mule from *Paris* ſir?
Arnol. Your Lordſhip receives yours
(I thinke) in a little Letter ty'd to a *Tartarian* arrow.
Iaſp. Or 'bout the necke of a *Barbary* Pigeon,
We know hee'le not be heere till night.
Sciolt. You know? Your knowledge (ſir) will ſcarſe prefer
A Clearke, to dine upon the care of a
Tyth Pigg: death! my good ſerving-gentleman,
Did not I leave him a League off, and with
Him too, Duke *Phylomont*, their traine enough
To famiſh our whole *Sicilie*, were not
Nature bounteous to us in our good Corne?
Arnol. Hath ſprightly *Phylomont* Incounter'd with
Our Duke *Theander* by the way too?
Sciol. Light! Your buſineſſe is to aske queſtions ſir?
A Court examiner? are all proviſions made

Of furniture and meat? *Iaſp.* All, all my Lord.
Sciolt. The inner roomes new hung, and th'garden Galletie
Adorn'd with *Titians* pictures, and thoſe frames
Of *Tintaret*, laſt brought from *Rome?*
Arn. Yes Sir, and Tables ſpread with Napery finer than
Poppeas ſmock, the Cuppords crack with ſtudded Plate,
And Chriſtall violls thick enough, t'endure
A fall, or hammer Sir. *Iaſp.* Our Kitchins ſmoke ſo,
That the fat ſteame blowne o're a towne beſieg'd,
Would cure the Famine in't?
Arnol. The Sellers too ſo fill'd, that they would make
A Daniſh army drunke.
Sciolt. *Arnoldo?* Rogue? with good pure Muskaden
Of *Creet*, I'm old, and muſt be nouriſh'd with
My morning Sop, like Matrons that want teeth.
Arnol. Your Lordſhip ſhall not faile to have it ſpic'd.
Iaſp. And when tis noone, your *Mallamucke* Mellon of
An Amber ſcent, ſerv'd in a Grotto Sir,
To coole you Lordſhips wiſhes, not your blood;
For that wee gueſſe, hath not this many yeares
Beene Feveriſh towards women. *Sciolt.* A merry knave.
Goe good boyes both: call all the Waiters, and
The Groomes, t'attend upon their ſeverall charge,
The Dukes will inſtantly arrive: our brave
Theander ſent mee for diſpatch before,
To take command of the whole houſe, looke to't;
I ſhall be bounteous, but ſevere.
Arn. My Lord we love your government, and will make haſte.
Exeunt Iaſpero, Arnoldo.

Enter Fredeline, Caſtraganio.

Fred. Walke our horſes nere the Parke gate untill
A gen'rall care be giv'n for all the Troope.
Within. I ſhall Sir.
Fred. My Lord *Sciolto*, your good Horſeman-ſhip
Hath put us to ſome trouble to o'retake you:
Let mee preſer this Gentleman unto
Your knowledge, hee will deſerve them both.
Sciolt. I thanke you for him Signior *Fredeline*,
No friendſhip of your choice can deſerve leſſe. How is he cal'd?
Fred. Caſtraganio. 'Tis hee, whom with your kind conſent
I would

I would prefer to our Dukes chamber: and the Brother to
The witty *Amadine*, whom late I plac'd
Chiefe woman to *Eurithea*, our grand Maſters Miſtris.
Sciolt. Signior give me your hand,
I love not Courtſhip, but I will promiſe
To befriend you, and performe it too.
Caſtra. Your Lordſhip hath juſt power o're my beliefe.
Fred. He's lately poſted from *Vienna* Sir,
And can preſent you with a Letter—— *Caſtr: gives Sciolto a letter.*
Sciolt. I hope, from the noble Colonell my Sons
Governor. *Caſtr.* His name Sir is ſubſcrib'd to it,
And ſtraight you will behold your Son,
The ſcituation of this houſe, hath but a while
Imploy'd his eyes without.
Sciolt. Fredeline, the boy comes
As I were Maſter o're my wiſh, 'tis now
Full thirteene yeares (ſince firſt of tender growth)
I ſent him to the Campe, this Letter Sir,
My better leiſure ſhall ſurvay. But pray,
How is hee bred? My peeviſh humor gave
A ſtrange direction to his Governor,
That he ſhould never learne to Write, nor Reade,
Nor never ſee a Woman.
Caſtr. My Lord, you are obay'd in both: Hee is
A good Souldier, and by his Learning will
Sooner confute the Foe, than a Phyloſopher.
As for Women, th'are things he nere heard nam'd;
Nor can the Campe preſent him any, but
Courſe Suttlers Wives, creatures of ſo much durt,
That ſhovell'd well together, they will ſerve
To make a Trench ere they are dead, more fit
To heave the ſtomack, than to ſtir the blood.
Fred. I know 'um perfectly. They weare no ſmocks
But cut out of an old caſt Tent, and bind
Their haire in horſes Girths in ſtead of Phylliting.
Sciolt. Such I dare allow him.
Fred. Yet, with the freedome of your Lordſhips leave,
Theſe are but homely Principles to give
For education of a Son and Heire!
Not Write, nor Reade, nor ſee a Woman!

Sciolt. I will endure the hazard of a new
Experiment, and try how Nature will
Incline him; learning (I finde) doth make men
Sawcy with their Maker, and falſe unto
Themſelues, and Women make us all fooles.

Enter Gridonell.

Caſtrag. Here comes your Sonne.
Practiſe your reverence ſir, there ſtands your Father.
Grid. Well, which is he? — *ſtands ſtill gazing about.*
Caſtra. There ſir, with the gray beard.
Grid. A comely old fellow, by this hand ſir;
I am glad to ſee you with all my heart!
Sciolt. If you ſtand upon theſe points, ſir and I you!
Caſt. Goe aske bleſſing. *Grid.* Does the old man look for't?
Sciolt. Not I introth, for though the cuſtome be
Devout enough, it ſhowes me thinkes too like a complement,
Grid. You are in the right ſir, and I hate complement as much
Fred. My Lord, his Governor hath follow'd your (as you.
Directions to the ſhaddow of a haire,
Hee's rarely bred to make a Favorite in the French Court.
Sciolt. Goe pick you eares, good Signior, if you like
It not, 'tis muſicke unto mine; but ſonne,
How ere theſe manners are not much in uſe,
You can be dutifull?
Grid. Sir I am taught, My Father is my officer, I muſt
Performe my duties, and obey him; beſides,
I love you more then a good Sword.
Sciolt. Why, I thanke you Sir: there is no love loſt.
Fred. Fore me, excellent courtſhip! Iuſt like the parley
'Twixt Mounſier *Hobbynoll*, and *Collen Clowt*.
Grid. I pray a word? I'm told I ſhould expect
Certaine duties from you too.
Sciolt. May't pleaſe you Sonne, I ſhall be glad to learne.
Grid. You muſt allow me ſtill new choiſe of Armour,
Brave Horſe for ſervice, and high pric'd Ginnets
To curvett ith ſtreets, and rich cloathes.
Sciolt. Heaven forbid elſe? *Grid.* Iewels, and mony too.
Sciolt. O Sonne, I ſhall know my duty.
Grid. And when the time conſpires with my neceſſities
To call you to't, You muſt make haſte and dye.

Fred.

Fred. My Lord, how like you that? This breedings right:
Nor is it altogether new, or ſtrange.
Sciolt: I'd rather ever find it on his tongue,
Than once believe it in his heart: a rough boy;
I muſt keepe him ſtill from ſight of the Ladies.
It will continue him in's Innocence; hold Sir,
This Key will lead you through the Tarris, that
Orelookes the Orchard walke, and then you paſſe
Into an Armorie, ſpend there your time
A while, and take your choyce, I know the Duke
That ownes it, will make good my gift: Will you walke Sir? —
Grid. I pray Sir lead the way. ——
Sciol. Nay, I beſeech you Sir. —
Grid. I know 'tis fit, I give place to my Elders. —
Sciolt. But I have buſineſſe here, doe you thinke ſonne,
I'd be ſo much uncivill elſe, as not to wait upon you?
Grid. Well, take your courſe, I love to ſee good Armor. *Exit.*
Sciolt. If I can keepe him from the Ladies, I
Am happier than King *Priam* that had fifty Sons,
But ſure, not one like this — *Flouriſh a far off.*
Fred. My Lord, this ſummons ſhewes the Dukes are come,
Sir, ſtand you here, Ile find a time for your addreſſe.
Leads Caſtraganio aſide.

Enter Theander, Phylomont, Atendants.

Within. Make way there, hoe! beare backe, beare backe!
Theander embraces and whiſpers Phylomont.
Fred. This is *Theander* Sir, whoſe preſent ſway
Palermo owes allegiance too, rich in
His mind and fame, as in his large extent
Of Land, and to augment his wealth, Hee comes
Loaden with Spoyles of frequent victories,
Though but i'th bloſſome of his life, hee hath
Already done enough to fill a Hiſtorie,
And is deriv'd from th'old Sicilian Kings:
Him I have choſen to prefer you to.
Caſtra. If I could double all my faculties,
You have oblieg'd them wholly to your uſe.
What is the other Signior, whom he ſeemes
To court with ſuch a fervent ſhow?

Fred. Duke *Phylemont*, that neighbours to his Government,
And rules the Weſtern borders of this Iſle:
All that the rich *Mazara* yields, he equals Duke
Theander, in the beſt of's vertues, and his fate;
And now brings too, though from a climate more
Remote, the triumphs of a war; but yet
If midnight howlings heard in Cities ſack'd
And fir'd, the groanes of widow'd wives,
And ſlaughter'd childrens ſhrickes can pierce the eares
Of heaven, the Learned thinke, their glorious Ghoſts
Will have a diſmall welcome after death.
How ever in this world 'tis good to follow 'um,
I would not fright your nice and pious mind
T'unprofitable feares. *Caſtr.* Kind Signior doubt me not.
Theand. Thou breath'ſt into me (mighty *Phylemont*)
No other ſoule but mine: my better thoughts
Are moulded in thy breaſt; and could wee grow
Together thus, our courteous hearts would not
Be neerer, nor yet more intire; I gratulate
Thy victories in *Spaine*, thou haſte undone
A Nation with thy noble deeds, and taught
Them how to fight by ſeeing frequent conqueſts on
Themſelves, when brave examples come to late
To immitate, and they are left no Land
To fight for, or defend.
Phyl. Renown'd *Theander*, what delight can wiſe
Hiſtorians have to mention me, whilſt *Naples* keepes
The ſenſe, or memory to mourne, thou art
The argument of all juſt praiſe? alas,
My battels will be thought, when thine are nam'd:
But village-quarrels that poore Heardſmen make
To keepe their Common from their Land-lords ſheep.
My Enſignes not deſerve to hang
As Curtaines at thy Shrine, when thou ſhalt lie
Ador'd, and ſtil'd the Wars firſt Saint,
That taught thy Armies how to cleanſe, not ſack
The Citties thou haſt won.
Theand. No more; be theſe imbraces ever hearty, and
Renew'd, till time ſhall lay us both aſleepe within one Tombe.
Phylom. I am no more alive. When theſe

Shall

Shall ceaſe, or thou abſentſt thy ſelfe by death—

Theand. Sciolto, where's my ſiſter (faire *Ariola* ?)
Me thinkes her welcomes are ſo ſlow, they ſcarſe commend her (love.

Sciolt. Your Excellence will find
She'le bring ſuch an excuſe with her, as ſoone
Shall be receiv'd; the Princeſſe *Eurithea*
Whom ſhe's gone t'entreat, to honour this
Solemnitie, they'le inſtantly appeare.

Thean. That's joy indeed, the Muſicke of her name,
Salutes the eare, with ſounds more cheerefull and
More full of Triumph, then the ſhowts of Victory!

Phylo. As much doth faire *Ariola* ſurprize
My ſenſe, with gladneſſe, wonder and with love.

Fred. takes Theander aſide.

Fred. This is the Gentleman to whom your Grace
Vouchſaf'd to promiſe Entertainement at
My humble ſute. *Theand.* He ſhall be well receiv'd:
Sir, you had skill to know your buſineſſe needs
Muſt thrive, when you choſe *Fredoline* your advocate.

Caſtra. I am the creature of your excellence.—

Enter Eurithea, Ariola.

Theand. Brave *Phylomont*, intreat my Siſter to
Forgive a while the tendring of my love,
Till I have breath'd it into thine.

Phylom. The like requeſt. *Theander* to my Siſter make,
Till thine have firſt receiv'd the righteous vowes
And offrings of my heart. —

Eurithea runs cheerfully to imbrace Theander; Ariola ſeemes to retreat a little at Phylomonts ſalute.

Caſtra. Sir, our *Theander* and his Miſtris meet
(Mee thinks) with more allacritie, and free
Conſent, than *Phylomont* and his *Ariola*;
Shee weares him at a carefull diſtance from her eyes.

Fred. Right Sir, the firſt are Lovers of a pure
Cœleſtiall kind, ſuch as ſome ſtile Platonicall:
(A new Court Epethite ſcarce underſtood)
But all they wooe, Sir is the Spirit, Face,
And heart, therefore their converſation is

More

More safe to Fame; the other still affect
For naturall ends.
Craſtra. As how I pray?
Frad. Why such a way as Libertines call Lust,
But peacefull Pollitickes, and cold Divines
Name Matrimony Sir; therefore, although
Their wise Intent be good and lawfull, yet
Since it infers much Game and Pleasure i'th event,
In subtle bashfulneſſe, shee would not seeme
To entertaine with too much forwardneſſe,
What shee (perhaps) doth willingly expect:
Sir this is but my gueſſe, and I beseech
It may remaine a secret unto you.
Caſtr. Signior, my lips are seal'd.
Theand. O doe not strive t'afflict thy tenderneſſe
With unkind thoughts, 'tis not the fortune of
A day, the victors glory, when hee toyles
To humble others pride, that he may swell
His owne: nor yet to leade a Nation cold
And naked forth, then bring them home, gay and
Fantaſtick in their Silks, sweting in Furs
Pontificall, as they had sate
Like civill Iudges to redreſſe those men
Whom for their owne relieſe they slew.
No *Eurithea*, these were not the charmes
That have so long betrayd me from thy sight.
Eurith. Then I have cause to feare your wearineſſe
Of love, and that would poyson my weake faculties
With a diſeaſe, that can admit no eaſe
To sooth my willing hope, nor cure, but death.
Theand. Old Pilots, when benighted, have more cause
To doubt their Stars direction to their Card;
Or th'Adamants true friendship to their Steele,
Than thou, the loyaltie of my strong faith.
Eurith. Three Sommers abſent from your native Land
And mee, as many tedious winters too,
To make up time more sorrowfull and long;
How can you fashion an excuſe so well, as to expect beliefe?
Theand. Truth wants no power:
I went in search of vertuous fame, to make

My

My ſelfe more fit in noble worth,
For the encounter of thy love.
Eurith. Alas I how are you certaine of my modeſty
That you ſhould give me ſuch continuall cauſe
To Bluſh; I ſhould finde courage ſure
To chide you for't, but that I'le miniſter
No cauſe to haſten your remove from hence,
Where I have hope my pray'rs and Innocence ſhall keep you long.
Theand. Els I ſhould looſe ſuch a felicitie,
As he that hopes for better in the other world
Muſt faſt, and live ſeverely to attain't.
Phyl. The rugged faſhion of the warre hath dull'd
My underſtanding and my ſpeech, or elſe
Your eares (*Ariola*) have lately loſt their wonted tenderneſſe.
Ario. Sir, you doe willingly miſtake in both:
But 'tis becauſe you know, you have as great
A priviledge to injure me, as to abuſe your ſelfe.
Phyl. Shall I be heard then when I ſpeake, and cheerfully
A little liſtned to, that by degrees,
I may recover my ſick hope?
Ariola. You cannot looſe your vertue ſir, and then
I'm ſure my courteſie will never faile:
To promiſe more, would make me ſeeme too prodigall,
Of what you cann't in nobleneſſe receive.
Phylo. The favour of your hand I may, ——*Offers to kiſſe it.*
Ario. That not becomes your dignity. —
Phylo. Indeed my bold ambition rather would
Advance me to the ſweetneſſe of your lip.—
Ario. That worſe becommeth mine.—
Phylo. Forgive me kind *Ariola*: I thrive
By chaſtiſement, and meane to ſinne no more.
Theand. Me thinkes ſince yonder building on the Mount,
And that large Marble ſquare was turretted,
The houſe lookes pleaſant, and would tempt us to
Injoy the Sommer in't; what ſayes my *Phylomont*?
Shall we forſake the toyles o'th Campe, and here
With triumphs celebrate the peace that wee
Have purchas'd and deſerv'd?
Phylo. I'm here *Theander* govern'd by your Lawes,
And muſt conſent, but they are ſuch I like.

Theand. Come *Eurithea*, let me haſten to
Begin my happineſſe: lead to the Mertle-walke. — *Exeunt all but*
Fred. My Lord, make me indebted to your eares *Frede. Caſt.*
A while, before you goe; this Gentleman *Sciolto.*
May ſafely ſhare with us i'th privacie.
Caſtra. You doe me honour with your truſt.
Fred. How worthy 'tis of griefe, a Prince ſo young,
Endow'd with all the helpes, that nature, art,
Or fortune need to make up perfect man,
Should weare away the happieſt ſeaſon of
His ſtrength, in tedious meditation thus,
Severe diſcourſes, and a cold ſurvey,
Of beauty that he loves, yet feares to uſe?
Sciol. Oh *Signior*! It hath forc'd me make a very ſponge
Of my Pillow, I've wept at midnight for't,
It is a thought too dangerous for one,
Of's grey hayr'd friends to beare in memory.
Fred. His name (if he continue ignorant
O'th uſe of marriage thus) muſt periſh with
Himſelfe, and all his glorious conqueſts have
Atchiev'd, be left without an heire.
Sciol. Right ſir, for I believe thoſe babies he,
And *Eurithea* doe beget by gazing in
Each others eyes; can inherit nothing,
I meane by'th cuſtome here in *Scicilie*,
As for *Plato's* Love-lawes they may entaile,
Lands on Ghoſts, and ſhaddowes for ought I know,
I underſtand not Greeke.
Caſtra. How ſir is ſhe inclin'd? *Fred.* As coldly as himſelfe.
Caſtra. Is there no way to tempt their ſimple loves to the right
Fred. My Lord I have conceiv'd a remedy (uſe?
In my owne thoughts, 'tis an experiment,
Which if your Lordſhips Iudgement can allow,
May meet with glad ſucceſſe *Sciolt.* I'm bound to heare't.
Fred. There lives within *Meſina* (three leagues hence)
One *Buonateſte*, a Phyſician, and
A ſad Philoſopher, who though his wealth,
Not makes him eminent, yet he is rich
In precious vellum, and learn'd Manuſcripts,
Yellow'd with age, in old disjoynted Globes,

And

And crooked Mathematick Inſtruments,
Enow to fill a Braziers ſhop, which with
His Magazin of coles, and Stils of glaſſe,
For Chimick purpoſes is all he hath.
Sciol. A very rich Alderman Phyloſopher.
Fred. Believ't (my Lord) this Kingdome will receive
More future fame by being honour'd with
His birth, then by our *Æſchylus*, our *Diodore*,
Our *Gorgias*, and *Empedocles*, *Euclide*,
And our *Archymedes*, who all tooke here
Their knowledge, and their lives.
Sciolt. Well Sir, wherein conſiſts our preſent benefit?
Fred. This man by Art ſhall make him marry whom
Hee now ſo ignorantly Courts.
Sciolt. That would incline much neere a Miracle.
Fred. Reward my care but with your Patience, and
Obſerve. I'm no protector of their ſilly faith,
Who thinke (forſooth) that Phylters mixt with Hearbs,
Or Min'rals can inforce a love, thoſe Sir
Are Fables, made to comfort diſtreſs'd Virgins,
That want eſtates to marry 'um. *Sciolt.* How then Signior?
Fred. I ſay my reaſon thinks it poſſible,
With long indevour'd Art (where love is fix'd
And enterchang'd already) by a free
Conſent, to heat their bloods into deſire,
And nat'rall appetite; And theſe deſires
They both may exerciſe (being married Sir)
With leave of Cuſtome, and our Lawes: You apprehend.
Sciolt. With little labour Sir: Give me your hand,
And let mee thanke you for't; for as you ſaid,
Though Art cannot inforce a mutuall love
When it hath found a lover out, it can
Provoke and warme him to doe notable feats.
But by what ſubtle meanes is this perform'd?
Fred. Hee hath a rare Elixir.
Sciolt. Well Sir, you give much reaſon, and ſome hope:
But in my greener yeares I thought no Elixir
Like Powder'd Beefe, and good round Turnips to't,
If eaten heartily, and warme. *Caſt.* My Lord I'm your Diſciple.
Sciolt. Nay, I have found an humble Bee, pickled,

Can doe as much as your *Cantarides:*
But who will you imploy unto this Man
Of Art? It muſt be ſecretly deſign'd.
Fred. Caſtraganio, you Sir, ſhall ſtraight take horſe;
My former truſt imboldens mee to make
No fitter choyce, this Letter will inſinuate
Our plot, which with five hundred Crownes that Purſe
Containes, may ſpeed him hither ere't be night.
Caſtra. My care ſhall make me worthy of your love.
Fred. Farewell, be ſwift and proſperous.
Sciolt. Ile in, and wait the Dukes commands.——
Exeunt Sciolto, Caſtraganio, ſeverally.
Fred. This fellow hath a wondrous little skull;
And ſure, but halfe a ſoule, eaſie and fit
To knead and manage in all formes, my darke
Contrivements ſhall deſigne; but for
My hum'rous Lord, that his old gowty feet
Should ſtumble too into my ſnares, hath in't
As much of fortune, as of mirth: Downe, downe,
The ſecret troubles of my breſt, I have
Not long to mourne, if all my Arts prove ſafe;
My midnight purpoſes are new and ſtrange,
But heavie headed Mules tread in the plaine
And beaten Path; The fat dull Porpoyſe ſtill
With danger, on the open water playes;
Wiſe Serpents creep, in crook'd, and hidden wayes. *Exit.*

Act. 2. Scen. 1.

Enter Fredeline, Caſtraganio.

Caſtra. Sir hee is come, I have divorc'd him from
His bookes, and found his eyes imploy'd to reconcile
Old Hieroglyphicks by their ſhape, and then
T'interpret blind halfe eaten Characters,
Deform'd as Lock-ſmiths, or as Carvers tooles.
Fred. Hath hee conſider'd our requeſt, and gives
Some hope wee may find remedy in Art?
Caſtra. With an induſtrious and exact ſurvay;
But in his mighty Science ſlights our feares,
Sa't'were a thing moſt eaſie to be done.

Fred.

Fred. My joyes (deare Sir) will grow too great for my Diſcretion to conceale. *Caſtra.* There's your Money.

Fred. How I would hee not receiv'e?

Caſtr. Hee ſayes hee likes your nature well, that you Could freely part with trifles of ſuch high eſteeme; And for that cauſe hee came, but will not ſell The labours of his mind: Beſides, profeſs'd, Thoſe gilded Counters are not things hee loves.

Fred. A Noble fellow! Theſe Philoſophick Blunt Booke-Gallants, have oft their Genty tricks Of nice honour, as well as Favorites, Whom Kings make wanton with their ſudden wealth. Where have you now diſpos'd him unto reſt?

Caſtra. Within your chamber Sir, and hee expects Your viſitation will be ſtraight perform'd.

Fred. I am all ſpeed, deare Sir; my tongue is much Too little to expreſſe my thankes: My ſelect friend, Lord of my Functions and my Life, weare mee With what title your kind indulgent memory Shall pleaſe, ſo you will weare me long. — *Exit.*

Caſtra. This *Fredeline's* a very Saint, ſo meeke, And full of courteſie, that hee would lend The devill his Cloake, and ſtand i'th raine himſelfe. Sure I have ſuck'd ſome Sybils milke, I could Not be thus lucky elſe t'injoy his love. *Enter Sciolto.*

Sciolt. So ſoone return'd? your haſte fortels good newes.

Caſtra. All will ſucceed my Lord (I hope) as if You had the certaine skill to make Your wiſhes proſperous; he is with *Fredeline*, And they expect your Interview? but looke. — Here comes my ſiſter, and your ſonne; he never ſaw A woman untill now; It will be ſport Worthy your ſtay, t'obſerve how he demeanes himſelfe. (her.

Sciolt. She's old and poore, he may ſafely enough converſe with

Enter Amadine, and Gridonell: (he gazing at her.)

Amad. This Gentleman wants money, braine, or ſleepe. Doe you know him Brother?

Caſtra. Sweet *Amadine*, containe thy wit awhile: He never ſaw a woman, uſe him gently.

Grido. This is a rare ſight.
One of the Angels ſure, and a great Gallant among 'em;
Had it but blew wings on the ſhoulders, it
Could not be of leſſe degree then an Angell.
Sciolt. I perceive nature inclines men to wonder,
And makes 'em ſomewhat relliſh too o'th foole.
Grid. An Angell of the better ſort, ſome Lieutenant
Coronell in Heaven (I take't) it cann't be leſſe.
Sciolt. Will he not ſpeake to her?
Grid. Sure it hath wings, and they are made (I think)
Of Camebrick and Bonelace.
Sciolt. A pox upon him,
He lookes, as he had ſtolne a ſilver ſpoone, and it
Were found ſticking in his wriſt.
Grid. If ſhe would fly
Aloft, me thinks I ſhould ſo peepe under her.
Sciolt. All theſe are documents of nature ſtill.
Grid. Sure thoſe I thinke are Petticoats, I've heard
Of ſuch a word; 'tis a fine kind of wearing:
My new Coulors have juſt Taffata enough
To faſhion ſuch another; would 'twere made,
That I might practiſe how to walke in't.
Sciolt. I'd beat him, but that the villain's roughly bred,
And perhaps would ſtrike agen. *Caſt.* Speake to him *Amadine*.
Amad. I'm mortall Sir; no Spirit, but a Mayd.
Pray feele mee, I am warme. —
Grid. Indeed forſooth I never felt a Mayd.
Amad. Heaven keepe him from Pepper and Tobacco,
For's braines are growne ſo looſe in's head, they'l run
Through's noſe, next time hee chance to ſneeze;
And Dancing too will ſhake 'um out, it is
An exerciſe too violent for that
Diſeaſe. Sir, doe you uſe to dance. *Grid.* What's that forſooth?
Amad. To dance Sir, is to move your Legs, as thus —
Grid. Wee uſe i'th wars to march and make a halt,
And ſometimes wee double our Paces,
Amad. Freſh ſtraw, and a ſtrong chaine, the Gentleman
Is mad, looke to him Brother. *Exit.*
Sciolt. If I'd another ſonne, I'de hardly truſt
Nature agen with his breeding.

Grid.

Grid. She ſaid ſhe was a Maid: and I've beene told
A Maid's a kind of woman,——
Sciolt. She is a woman ſonne.
Grid. If women be ſuch things, I wonder th'enemy
Doe never bring their wives againſt our Campe,
To give us battaile, ſure we ſhould all yield.
Sciolt. Belike then you have a month's mind to her.
Grid. O ſir, ſhe hath the prettieſt pinking eyes;
The holes are no bigger then a Piſtoll Bore.
Caſtra. An excellent Similie for a Painter,
That would draw a good face.
Grid. Her fingers are ſo ſmall, and longer then
A Drum-ſtick; ah, how they'd beſtirr themſelves
Vpon a phiph.
Sciolt. Then you could leave the warres, and live with her?
Grid. So ſhe would ſtill ſit by and let me gaze till my eyes ake?
Sciolt. Still he's Innocent, one of *Plato's* Lovers.
Grid. Pray what was hee?
Sciolt. An odd Greeke fellow that could write and read.
Grid. O belike ſome Clearke of a Company.
Sciolt. If he continue's wonder thus, and Ignorance
To ev'ry woman that he meets, I may
Intaile my Land upon the poore, hee'll not
Be able to beget an Heire as big
As my thumb, I muſt thinke upon ſome courſe.

Enter Theander.

Theand. My Lord *Sciolto*, I had thought your white
And rev'rend head had held this ſeaſon fit
For ſleepe; Night takes her ſwarthy Mantle up
As ſhee would weare it ſtraight. What Gentleman is this?
Sciolt. Your grace may pleaſe to owne him for my child.
His Mother Sir would juſtifie as much,
Were ſhee alive.
Theand. What, *Gridonell?* Men ſpeake him of a great
And daring heart, and skilfull how to vex
The Foe, though hee be young.
Sciolt. Faith if the Foe put but an Apron on,
Or get his Corſlet edg'd with Flanders Purle,
Hee'l doe him little hurt. *Theand.* You are accuſ'd

(My Lord) they ſay you bred him to no uſe
Of Bookes, hee cannot Write, nor Reade.
Sciolt. 'Twill keep him Sir, from entring into Bond.
Theand. Let us begin acquaintance Sir, the day
May come, when you ſhall lead my Enſignes forth,
And though you bring them ſhot and ragged home,
Yet they'l be crown'd with Wreathes.
Grid. Strike up your Drums too night then, if you pleaſe,
If th'Moone be froward Sir, and will not ſhine,
Wee'l fire ſmall Townes to light us as wee march.
Sciolt. Maſſe! I thanke nature for that yet, hee has
Good mettall in him.
Theand. His meaning's ſtraight and ſmooth, though's words be (rough:
I like him well, you muſt beſtow him on mee.
Sciolt. Moſt gladly Sir; and let me tell your grace,
You'l find him one of the moſt exquiſite
Platonick Lovers this day living; hee will
So innocently view and admire a Lady!
Theand. Still fitter for my uſe. Soldier good-night.' *Exit.*
Sciolt. I muſt to *Frodeline*, and the Phyloſopher. *Exit.*
Caſtr. This woman was my Siſter, *Gridonell.*
Grid. And did one Father make you both?
Caſtra. I Sir, and with a very little paines.
Grid. My Father's old and lazie now, if hee'ld
Take paines hee'ld ſoone make ſuch another too
For mee; but I ſhall ſee her Sir agen?
Caſtr. Yes, when you pleaſe: ſhee muſt be gently us'd.
Grid, Alas, I cannot chooſe. Would you would bring
Her to my chamber in the dead of night?
Caſtr. You muſt excuſe mee Sir, farewell. Each houre
I'th day ſhee may be yours. *Grid.* I ſhall ſo dreame. *Exeunt.*

Enter Phylomont and Ariola, Roſella with Tapers, A Table with Night-linnen ſet out.

Ario. Prethee unpin mee wench — If I were given
Enough to Pray'r, or Cares, I could not be
Thus incident to ſleepe; take heed, you hurt mee —
Roſell. Your Ladiſhip is tenderer on the Breſt
Than you were wont; I would your heart were ſo.
Ariol. Ile weare my *Tuſcan* raile too morrow, ſmooth

It

It out; but whence that wiſh *Roſella?* you
Are ſtill complayning on my poore heart.
Roſell. Madam, theſe two long houres the noble Duke
Hath waited at your Chamber dore.
Ariol. Who? my Brother.
Roſell. Duke *Phylomont*, who vowes t'inhabit there,
Vnleſſe you let him in.
Ario. Heaven comfort his ſicke ſoule:
What does he meane, here lock theſe pendants up?
The wonder of him makes me ſick—Ile uſe
No powder now—alas, what ſhall I doe?
I dare not let him in, the ſeaſon is not fit.
Roſell. He vowes his viſit ſhall be ſo preciſe
And civill, that you need not counſell him,
Nor check him with a frowne.
Ariol. I but at night?
Mens buſie and officious tongues will talke.
Roſell. Introth your Ladiſhip's too ſtrict; when you
Conſider too your marriage is deſign'd:
If my opinion (Madam) had authority,
No times unfit, to Lovers ſo farre gone.
Ariol. You'l be his Orator? goe, let him in.

Enter Phylomont.

Phylo. Me thinkes my faire *Ariola*, you keepe
Your beauty overmuch infolded and
Conceal'd, you are a flower that would become
The night as ſweetly as the day.
Ariol. You make mee proud with your ſimilitude;
But whilſt I gaine by it, your inference
Muſt loſe, Mary-golds now ſhut in their leaves.
Phyl. Alas poore potage flower! *Ariola*
Should imitate the Lilly and the Roſe:
They boldly ſpread themſelves ſtill open to
The night, yet yield the Sun ſo freſh and ſweet
A ſacrifice, that every morne he ſeemes
To bluſh at's owne weake Influence, which can
No longer keepe them beautious on their ſtalks,
But they muſt drop, and periſh with the ſpring,
Your precious colour, and your odor too;
My gentle Miſtris needs muſt yield to time.

Ariol. The loſſe will not be mourn'd for ſir, ſince 'twill
Be ſcarce diſcern'd. (and make

Phylo. Sweet, you remove your underſtanding from my words,
Them of no uſe, their meaning would perſwade
You to enjoy this pleaſant treaſure, whilſt
It laſts; why are you ſtill inclos'd thus like
An Anchoreſſe, as if our converſation could
Inferre a ſinne? why am I nicely barr'd
Your Chamber, when the Prieſt b'ing paid for a
Few ceremonious words, muſt licenſe me
Your bed, your boſome too?

Ariol. Our marriage ſir may promiſe much, till then,
Your excellence will grant me leave not to
Admit of opportunities, that may give breath to ill report.

Phyl. Be not ſo cruell in your baſhfull care,
My Siſter makes all houres and ſeaſons fit
To celebrate *Theander*, and hee knowes
No wrinckle on her brow, that may be call'd
A frowne: O be you kind and free.— *Offers at her hand.*

Ariol. By your chaſte vowes forbeare ——

Phylo. *Theander* may embrace my Siſters hand
Untill with warmth he melt it from the wriſt:
Why ſhould I have leſſe am'rous priviledge?
I have deſires as bold, which will be made as lawfull too e're long.

Ariol. The meaning of
Their love is onely mutuall wonder and applauſe,
And ſo proclaim'd; therefore can ſtir no jealouſie
In the ſevereſt thought: alas, wee muſt
Be married Sir, which may perhaps inforce
Your inclination to a dangerous hope.

Phylo. Where is thy ſafety then *Ariola?*
This is the diſmall ſilent time, when Raviſhers
Reach forth their trembling guilty hands to draw
The curtaines where unpractis'd Virgins ſleepe;
False *Tarquins* houre, when he did hide his Torch
From *Lucrece* eies, and would not ſuffer her
Wak'd Beautie to ecclipſe that ſickliſh flame,
Till ſhee had quench'd a greater in his blood.
How would thy courage faint, if I ſhould make
Thee ſubject to my eager youth and ſtrength?

Ariol.

Ariol. Poore *Phylomont*, if thou ſhouldſt ſo forſake
Thy loyaltie to Love, yet I were ſtill ſecure,
And can ſubdue thee with my vertuous ſcorne;
For now, though but my Cambrick Helmet on,
Thus thinly harneſs'd in my Lawne, my triviall Fanne
My Shield, I ſtand the Champion of our Sex.
Alas! I faine would ſee the proudeſt of
You bearded Tyrant men, that durſt but hope
To force from mee the leaſt of theſe deſhevell'd hairs,
Which I will ſtill as bounteous favours weare
For ev'ry wanton wind to ſport withall,
But not for you.

Phylo. Can you be angry?

Ariol. Then you ſhould ſigh unto your ſelfe,
And in your owne inamour'd eares diſtill
The ſoothings of your cunning tongue, whilſt I
Injoy the quiet of my ſleepe agen
Without diſturbance, by thoſe midnight plaints
Your mournfull conſort at my window, made,
Wherein you curs'd the guiltleſſe Stars, who ſeem'd
To ſmile, and winke upon each other in
Their Spheares, as if they heedfull notice took of all your feigned (griefe.

Phylo. Can you be angry my *Ariola?*
Or cenſure ought I ſpoke with an unkind
Beliefe? Heare but my vowes.

Ariol. Good night— Your excellence hath greater power
To move my ſorrow than my rage.

Phylo. Remember gentle Love, I have your heart
By ſacred plight, our Nuptials now draw neere.

Ariol. I never knew the way how I might breake
My Faith, but till that houre arrive, wee muſt
Converſe no more, no not at wary diſtance Sir,
The cauſe is hidden in my breſt. Vertue
And Peace (my Lord) ſtill governe your deſires. *Exit.*

Phylo. I ſhall grow mad with theſe delaies;
Sh'ath made a vow never to marrie mee,
Untill her Brother ſeal't with his conſent. Ile move
It to *Theander* e're I ſleepe. *Hymen*!
Goe light thy Fires, and make thy Tapers ſhine,
Or cure me ſacred Love, by quenching thine. *Exit.*

Enter Amadine with a Taper, and Theander.

Amad. Not in her Bed Sir yet, I left her with
Her Lute, whose Musick I believe, hath woo'd her to a gentle sleep.

Theand. Tread easie then,
With a slow timorous pace; let's make lesse noyse
Than *Times* soft feet, or Planets when they move.——

Drawes a Canopie; Eurithea is found sleeping on a Couch, a vaile on, with her Lute.

Give mee the light; now leave us, and retire.

Amad. This is an odd kind of Lover, hee comes
Into my Ladies chamber at all houres;
Yet thinkes it strange that people wonder at
His priviledge. Well, opportunitie
Is a dangerous thing; it would soone spoile mee. *Exit.*

Theand. Shee lies as in a shady Monument,
Secure as Pious votaries that knew
They were forgiven e're they dy'd.

Eurith. Who's there? my Lord, the Prince?

Theand. O, sleep agen, and close those eies that still
Enlighten mine; till I have merited
The beautie of their beames, by blessings, such,
As loves religious Priests doe give,
This sacred office would become mee well;
'Tis not a robe of Lawne, a hallow'd Verge,
Nor flowry Chaplets nicely wreath'd, can adde
Prosperitie to Prayers, or to Vowes,
No formall Pompe, or Ceremonie needs
To wishes that are cleane and humbly made.

Eurith. Theander sit, where have you been so long?
'Las, wherefore doe I aske, since I
So lately found you in my dreame?

Theand. Vnvaile my love—when this is but displaid,
Thou openst like a fragrant bud before
The mornings eye, whilst all that's neere thee is
Perfum'd, thy breath converts me to a flowre,
Weare me within thy bosome (Virgin friend)
And I shall last in odour all the yeare.

Eurith. Thou art *Theander*, and that name includes
The sweetnesse of the Spring and Sommers wealth.

Theand. Thou art not *Eurithea*, but my Rose,

My

My ſober baſhfull flowre, and I
Thy wanton Woodbine that muſt grow about
Thee in embracements thus, untill thou art
Intangled with chaſt courteſies of love.
Eurith. This is a happineſſe too great to laſt,
Envie or Fate muſt leſſen it, or we
Remove 'mongſt the eternall Lovers, and
Provide our habitation neere the ſtars!
My wonder growes upon me like my joy, O *Theander!*
Theand. What ſayes my *Cherubine?*
Eurith. How ſhall I give my eſtimation words,
When it would valew thee that art the warres
Chiefe Souldier, beſt example and delight?
So bold, thou dar'ſt ſeeke danger in a ſtorme,
When all the winds prepare to quarrell in
The Baltick Sea; yet thou art milder then
A captive Saint, ſo pittifull, that I
Have ſeene thee weepe o're the diſtreſs'd, till thou
Mightſt give a name to Rivers as their ſpring.
Theand. And thou (my Love) art ſweeter far,
Then Baulmy Incenſe in the purple ſmoake,
Pure and unſpotted, as the cleanly Ermine, ere
The Hunter fullies her with his purſuit,
Soft as her skin, chaſte as th'Arabian bird,
That wants a ſex to woe, or as the dead,
That are devorc'd from warmth, from objects, and from thought.
Still *Eurithea* I could multiply thy praiſe,
Yet ſtill prove loyall unto truth;
When I embrace thee thus, I ſtrait forget,
As weake delights, the dayes of victory,
And glories of the warre.
Eurith. But when you heare the Drum, and the ſhrill Trumpet (call,
You'l mount your angry Steed agen, and haſte
To live confin'd in Trenches, to exchange
Your marble Palace for a Tent, whilſt I
Like a diſtreſs'd ſad Turtle, am ordain'd
To mourne without a mate.
Theand. Doe not afflict me with thy jealous feares;
I'm come to tell thee (Love) to morrow in
Th'adjoyning Grove, Ile meet thee like

A Shepherd, ſuch as faire *Arcadia* bred,
That with variety our old delights,
May ſtill ſeeme new. *Enrith.* A Lovers wiſh,
Can imp the houres ſhort wings, and haſten time,
Looke up *Theander*, it is day.
Theand. Where ſhould I looke?
Thou doſt miſtake the ſpheare, and reſidence
O'th morne: let early village Labourers,
And dull benighted Sea-men doe their homage to
The Eaſt for light, the Region of our day
We ſeeke like Lovers in the faireſt eyes.
Enrith. If you ſhould looke in mine, twill ſtill ſeeme night.
Theand. To bed to bed: me thinke I heare the Larke,
The Mornings merry Officer; and ſee
Him ſhake his dewie wings, as he would ſtrive
To climbe high as his cheerefull voyce.
Enrith. The beſt that Poets wiſhes can invent,
Or Lovers prayers procure, thy ſleepes injoy.
Theand. And thine that precious harmony that dwells
With quiet Hermits in their narrow cells. *Exe. ſeverall wayes.*

Enter Buonateſte, Sciolto, Fredeline, and Caſtraganio.

Buonat. I ſay (my Lord) your buſineſſe doth concerne
The blood, and not the Eyes; and ſince 'tis late,
It were abuſe of time to read long lectures
Of the *Opticks*, to tell you their conſent
And unitie, or ſhew you through a perſpective
How *Amoriſts* oppos'd in levell to
Each others ſight, unite and thridd their beames,
Vntill they make a mutuall ſtring, on which
Their ſpirits dance into each others braine,
And ſo beginne ſhort Iourneys to the heart;
Or to reveale the ſhape and colour of
Thoſe Spirits too, that were a miracle,
Worthy ſublime, and powerfull Art!
Sciol. Their Colour's Orange Tawny ſir, as I conceive.
Buonat. Your Lordſhip can conceive no more, than your
ke knowledge will give leave. *Fred.* To him Doctor.
. Nor doe I thinke it can concerne you much,
the nervall Conjugations be

But

But ſeven, and of that miſtick number too,
VVhether the *Opticks* bee the chiefe.
Sciol. For your ſeven Conjugations ſir, you ſhall
Excuſe mee, but beleev't the ſeven wiſe Maſters
Is a Volume I read much in my Youth.
Buon. Your Lordſhip gives good proofe oft in your age:
But yet you never heard ſir of the fam'd
Antipheron, whom once the learned *Stagerite*
Admir'd ſo for the ſelfe-reflection that
He wore like to his perfect Image ſtill where hee mov'd.
Sciolt. No more, my good wiſe friend, thou haſt
My wonder, that's enough; my underſtanding
Shall come after, but not till I am dead,
For then they ſay wee ſhall know all things
Without paying for our Bookes.
Buon. There is the Powder Sir. *Fred.* Give it to my care.
Buon. The Duke muſt take it in his draught too night.
To morrow, as the Sun increaſeth in
His power, it works; at noone you'l ſee pure Miracles.
Fred. My Lord, 'tis fit our *Caſtraganio* give
It him: hee takes a rowſe of Corſick wine
Still e're hee ſleepes; hee, waiting in his chamber
May fitly mingle and preſent it to him— *Caſtra: takes the Paper.*
Caſtr. Ile uſe my ſafeſt diligence. *Sciol.* Where is he now?
Caſtra. With *Eurithea* Sir; hee hath not call'd.
Sciolt. Staies hee ſo long? 'tis now i'th ken of day.
Signior *Buonateſte*, have you no more
Of this rare Magicall ſtoffe?
Buon. Another *Doce*; I came provided Sir. *Sciol.* Pray give it me.
Buon. Moſt willingly, but to whom will you diſpos't?
Sciol. Unto no other but my Son: I find
Hee's very much Platonically given.
Buon. My Lord, I ſtill beſeech you not to wrong
My good old friend *Plato*, with this court calumnie;
They father on him a Fantaſtick Love
Hee never knew, poore Gentleman, upon
My knowledge ſir, about two thouſand yeares
Agoe, in the high ſtreet yonder
At *Athens*, juſt by the corner as you paſſe
To *Diana's* Conduit (a Haberdaſhers houſe)

It was (I thinke) hee kept a wench. *Sciol.* How ſir, a wench?
Buon. I could ſay more, my friend was lewdly given.
Sciolt. But with your favour Sir, a plump browne wench?
Buon. Faith Authors differ about that; ſome write
Shee had a Flaxen haire, and others too,
That did not bluſh to know more private markes,
Say ſhee had a Mole under her left thigh:
Others, a hollow Tooth, that put him to
The charge of Cloves, becauſe her breath grew ſomewhat trou-
Fred. Give mee thy hand (bleſome.
Doctor; Ile have ſome ſhare too in thy heart
E're long: But did not *Plato* write of Love?
Buon. Divinely ſir, but not ſuch kind of Love
As Ladies would have now, they miſtake him.
Sciolt. Hee wrote in Greeke, Doctor.
Buon. True my good Lord.
Sciolt. Why then belike my Son miſtakes him too,
Hee underſtands no Greeke; this *Doce* ſhall conjure him,
I'le give't him ſtrait. Come ſir, the night decaies
Apace, let me direct you to your Bed.
Buon. Your Lordſhips kindneſſe honors mee too much.
Fred. My jolly deere Philoſopher, good-night. *Exeunt Sciolto*
Sir, you have found with what aſſur'd, and confident *and Buon.*
A ſoule I give you Intereſt in all
My buſineſſe, and my thoughts.
Caſtr. Signior, I plead no merit but your bounty.
Fred. And now under the ſame protection of
Your friendſhip and your truſt, I muſt reveale
A ſecret that doth oft inforce me walke
With armes enfolded thus, ſtill to combine
And faſten in my ribs, leſt it ſhould ſplit
My breſt: and you ſhall know it ſir, I love,
(Curs'd Fate, that I muſt utter it) I love
The Princeſſe *Eurithea.* *Caſtr.* Signior (indeed)
This will deſerve to be a ſecret, and ſecurely kept.
Fred. So love her ſir, that men
In fierce conſpiracie, diſpaire, or want,
Injoy more quiet ſleepes than I; and ſince
I am declin'd much into weakneſſe, and
pleaſant yeares: you ſee what narrow hopes

Are

Are left to give my furious appetite ſucceſſe.
Caſtra. Introth 'tis pittie ſir.
Fred. There you expreſs'd the charitie
And melting nature of a Friend, and may
Adminiſter redreſſe, for it will much
Reflect within your power.
Caſtra. You cannot want it then; but ſir, it ſeemes prepoſterous
And ſtrange to my dull braine, that ſince
Your love doth force you wiſh her to your ſelfe,
You ſtrive by marriage to beſtow her on
The Duke, and with ſuch heartineſſe and care.
Fred. In this your friendſhip is agen conjur'd,
I doe beſeech you never ſeeke the end
Of that miſterious cauſe; ſome Salt I have
That ſhewes th' *Italian* humour in my Blood.
I not affect to compaſſe my deſignes
The Vulgar way. *Caſtr.* But how can I redreſſe your griefe?
Fred. Your Siſter *Amadine*, is in affection and attendance, neere
The Princeſſe perſon and her mind, ſhee may
By your intreatie render mee in ſuch
A character of cunning praiſe, as ſhall
Advance mee to her love perhaps, at leaſt,
To a refreſhing of my ſick deſires.
Caſtra. Shee's bound in conſcience ſir to doe good Offices.
Fred. But wilt thou charme thy Siſter with all force
Of thy affinitie and words, to be my friend,
Indeere us ſo, that I may whiſper my
Owne cauſe, and teach her mediate my acceſſe?
This muſt be done to morrow, for delayes
VVill make my griefe too dangerous to beare.
Caſtr. To morrow doubt it not, my Functions ſhall
Intirely bee imployd to your beſt uſe.
Frede. I had almoſt forgot: the Med'cine; it
Is late, and time 'twere working in his draught:
Farewell: Command mee to the loſſe of Fame,
Of Treaſure, and of Life: deare *Caſtraganio*,
Be but benigne, and chaine mee as thy ſlave. *Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Philomont, Arnoldo, and Iaſpero with lights.

Phylo. I thought t' have found him ſafe in's quiet reſt,

With's Curtains drawne ere this. Is it his uſe to ſtay ſo long?
Arnol. The viſits hee preſents unto your Graces Siſter,
Though at night, are never haſtily perform'd.
Iaſper. Times gowtie leggs may tire, if hee run on,
Untill ſuch true and faithfull Lovers finiſh their diſcourſe,
As wearisome and long. *Arnol. Iaſpero*, that's the morne
VVhich ſo inflameth yonder Cloud.
Iaſp. Is it your Graces will, wee goe and trie to haſten his ap-
Phylo. Pleaſe you to truſt (proach?
Mee heere alone, Ile ſtay his comming Sir,
My buſineſſe askes a private conference.— *Exeunt Arnol. Iaſpero*
My Siſter is ſo bounteous of her love,
And gives her favours with ſuch bold neglect
Of Fame, that but I knew the pure and chaſte
Condition of her ſoule, I ſhould grow vex'd
VVith jealous feares. *Ariola* will not vouch ſafe
To uſe me ſo. *Enter Theander.*
Theand. My *Phylomont*, this is a ſeaſon when
Your viſit would import ſome great affaire
That carries haſte or wonder in't.
Phyl. You have a Miſtris ſir, preſerves
Your ſpirits full of Fire, your glad heart keepes
Eternall triumph in her cloſe warme throne,
Whilſt mine increaſeth not in joyes, but weight;
'Tis heavie ſir, if it continue ſo
'Twill breake the ſtrings. Your froward Siſter.
Theand. Will ſhee not love? I'm ſure her Beautie was
Ordain'd for no felicitie but Love;
Her ſweetneſſe and her formes, though ſhee were leſſe
Ally'd unto my nature, would proclaime it to the world.
Phylo. Sir, ſhee hath baniſh'd mee.
Theand. Upon what rock or promont, Was ſhee by
A Scythian nours'd, that ſhee is growne ſo cruell?
It cannot be. *Phyl.* Th'affliction will not long indure
(I hope) becauſe you may repeale the doome.
Theand. You are aſſur'd my *Phylomont*, I needs
Muſt ſtrive to further love; what ſhall I doe?
Phylo. Give your conſent, that I may marrie her.
Theand. How I marrie her! Your ſoules are wedded Sir,
I'm ſure you would not marrie bodies too,

That

That were a needleſſe charge. Come, you ſhall ſave
Your bridall Feaſts, and Gloves.
Phyl. This mirth Sir is a little too remote
From th'anſwer I ſhould have.
Theand. Blame my conception then; I underſtand
You not: To what purpoſe would you marrie her?
Phyl. Why Sir? to lie with her, and get Children.
Theand. Lye with my Siſter *Phylomont*! how vile
And horridly that ſounds! I prethee ſleepe
A while, 'tis thy diſtemper, and I pardon it.
Phyl. This is ſtrange, being married, is't not lawfull ſir?
Theand. I grant it may be Law, but is it comely?
Reduce thy reaſon to a cleaner Senſe,
Thinke on't a noble way. You two may live,
And love, become your owne beſt arguments,
And ſo contract all vertue, and all praiſe:
Be ever beautious, freſh, and young, at leaſt
In your beliefe; for who can leſſen, or
Defile th'opinion which your mutuall thoughts
Shall fervently exchange? and then you may
Beget reflections in each others eies,
So you increaſe not children, but your ſelves
A better, and more guiltleſſe progenie;
Thoſe immateriall creatures cannot ſin.
Phyl. But who ſhall make men ſir, ſhall the world ceaſe?
Theand. I know not how th'are made, but if ſuch deeds
Be requiſite, to fill up Armies, Villages,
And Cittie ſhops; that killing, labour, and
That couz'ning ſtill may laſt: know *Phylomont*,
I'd rather Nature ſhould expect ſuch courſe
And homely drudgeries from others than from mee.
Phyl. And yet you had a Father Sir.
But why doe I tell him ſo? that was
His Mothers fault, not his. This is mad doctrine.
Ile bid your excellence good-night, but firſt
Ile leave this information in your eare;
You'l find your Siſter of my mind, ſhe faine would marrie too.
Theand. Oh prodigie! belike
Shee underſtands then what it meanes, wrong not
A Ladie ſir, whoſe innocence is ſuch,

Shee weares no bluſhes for her ſelfe, but you:
Leave mee, although our friendſhip ſir be great,
My patience is too little to ſubdue
My rage; to Bed my gentle *Phylomont*,
If thou art guiltleſſe, thou wilt ſleepe.
Phyl. Ile take your counſell ſir,
The morning may reclaime us both. *Exit.*
Theand. O poore *Ariola*, where haſt thou chang'd
Thy baſhfull virtue for unchaſte deſires?
Thy eares are bliſter'd with laſcivious breath,
Thy underſtanding is become thy crime;
I ſhall not know thee when I meet thee next,
Thy very ſoule is fullied, and thy bloud
That ran ſo pure, will now grow black with Sin,
Till't make thy beautie like an Æthiops skin. *Exit.*

Act. 3. Scen. 1.

Enter Theander, Ariola.

Ariol. Your lookes are clouded ſir, I feare your health
Is alter'd, or your mind perplex'd.
Theand. Your lookes, *Ariola*, will ſhortly too decay;
Whilſt by their ſtrange and early periſhing
Your former Beautie muſt be quite forgot,
Like ſullen Roſes that would wither on
The Bough, e're throughly blowne, e're gather'd for
The Still; ſo loſe all memorie that they were ever ſweet.
Ariol. I need inſtructions what you would infer.
Theand. Have you no ſecret ſickneſſe in your blood?
Ariol. Not that I feele, nor doe I thinke my Prayers
So vainly made, that I ſhould periſh yet.
Theand. Have you not heard of late ſome new diſcourſe,
Such as inflam'd you to deſire ſtrange practiſes
Of heate, trials of Youth, I know not what
They are; but Nature oft doth put odd tricks
On young and curious fooles, which ſtill
The baſhfull may reſiſt. *Ariol.* If to be ignorant,
Be ſafe, I am to learne ſir what you meane.
Theand. Indeed I looke up, and with a Virgin confidence

Contemne

Contemne th'inrag'd ſevereneſſe in my brow,
By urging that for truth without a bluſh.
Ariol. Alas, you have amaz'd mee ſir, but I
Dare looke i'th face of heaven, write all my willing faults,
And ſtand unvail'd whilſt they are read.
Theand. Perhaps ſhee is abus'd. *Ariola*,
Pray tell mee the requeſt you ſent by *Phylemont*;
I know not how I underſtood it then,
But ſure t'hath troubled all my powres.
Ariol. I ſent you none but what was good and lawfull.
Theand. Are you become ſo wiſe
In wickedneſſe, to chuſe offences that
The lawes protect? Th'ambitious in the worlds
Firſt Age, invented them to gather wild
And wandring Nations into Townes and Forts:
And ſo rais'd Common-wealths, for their owne pride
To rule, thoſe cunning Scriblers knew that Lawes
Make Subjects, and tame Slaves, not virtuous Men;
Live thou as not to know or need their uſe.
Ariol. I can be farther juſtifi'd, for my requeſt
Was fit and modeſt too. *Theand.* Then you may name't.
Ariol. I gave him leave fairely to queſtion your conſent,
That wee might marrie Sir.
Theand. Doe you already know what that word meanes?
Ariol. Your judgement had ſufficient cauſe to blame
My breeding elſe: I have been often told
It's ſacred Inſtitution, and the uſe
For which 'twas firſt ordain'd.
Theand. The uſe, *Ariola*? Sh'ath rarely profitted
Since my long abſence from her at the Campe:
Who read theſe Lectures in your eare? If 't were
A woman, ſure, ſhee faſtned on her Maske
To hide her bluſhes whilſt ſhee talk'd.
Ariol. In my weake judgement ſir, you are too nice,
And make uncomely miſterie of that
Which both the learned and the noble have
Allow'd and taught; and ſuch as veſtals may
Diſcourſe, yet not be baniſh'd from their holy lamp.
Theand. But to remaine a veſtall ſtill (*Ariola*)
To live in ſweet unskilfull virgin-hood,

The Angels life, for they no ſexes know,
But ever love in Meditation, not in Act.
Hah! is not this a ſweetneſſe far beyond
The pleaſures that our appetites create?
Ariol. Sir, it is excellent and free, but I
Am told, the next degree of happineſſe,
The married challenge, and enjoy. *Thean.* O ſhe is loſt! I will
Goe weepe into the Sea, and ſooner hope
To find my unmix'd teares upon my cheeke
Agen, than her perverted heart reclaim'd
Unto her former innocence. Reach mee
Your hand; you are my priſoner now, and muſt
Be kept from ſight of Men.
Ariol. Sir, though I cannot learne my offence, yet I
Shall ſoone be taught t'obay.
Theand. If ſince thy late perverſion thou haſt left
But one acquaintance in ſweet heaven, that dares
Befriend thy Orizons, kneele to him ſtrait.
Ariol. Though you are cruell growne, you cannot want
My tender wiſhes, that your angry thoughts.
Be to their peacefull harmony reſtor'd!—*Exit. Thean. ſeemes to locke her in.*
Theand. Yet am I not left deſolat, to mourne
With ſingle griefe, this ruin'd Virgins fate:
My *Eurithea* when ſhe heares of her
Revolt, will ſigh her piteous ſoule away to ayre. *Enter Phylom.*
Phyl. Theander I am come to learne. If yet
Your temper can with kind, diſcreet civillity,
Returne an anſwer to my ſuit?
Theand. Sir, y'have undone a noble Mayd, one nurſ'd
In ſuch ſevere behaviour of her minde,
So meeke and humble in deſires, ſhe ſeem'd
Much fitter for a Cloiſter then a Court;
But now ſhe aymes at libertie and change.
Phyl. What I have taught her ſir, Hermits and Nunnes
Might in their dying minutes liſten to,
Without diſquiet to their parting ſoules;
And things leſſe chaſte I know, ſhe would not heare.
Theand. Take heede my Princely friend? Doe not augment
Thy crime, by owning as thy knowledge, what
Is yet, but the miſtake of thy beliefe;

I had

I had a hope thy vaine conceptions would
Be mended much by ſleepe. *Phyl.* Well, Ile be briefe.
Your Siſter I would marry ſir, and then
As Lords and Princes uſe, that love their wives,
Ly with her. *Theand.* Your are too Maſculine?
Name not thoſe words agen: you blaſt me with
Your breath, poore Ruffians in their drinke, that dwell
In Suburbe Alleies, and in ſmoaky Lanes,
Are not ſo rude; leave me: My anger may
Vndoe us both. *Phyl. Theander*, can you thinke
To fright me hence, or is it ſafe to chide
Me from my buſineſſe with bold words? I would
Be better uſde; tell me (I pray) is this
All the fit anſwer my demands ſhall have?
Theand. All ſir, and more then I can patiently
Allow, your converſation never could be leſſe eſteem'd.
Phyl. I feare your noble reaſon is diſeas'd,
Where I have lov'd, affliction makes me pittifull,
And where I pitty, I can nere intend
Revenge: farewell injurious Prince, but know,
If I can get your Siſters kinde conſent,
Ile not endeavour yours.
Theand. Goe not deluded with that triviall hope:
She is my priſoner lock'd and incloſ'd,
From all addreſſe that force or oportunity
Would make, thou ſhalt behold her face no more.
Phylo. Hah! Impriſon'd! I ſooner would cage up
The little Bird, that ſung a *Requiem* or'e
My mothers Hearſe: the ſad domeſtick *Redbreaſt*, or
The courteous *Wren*, that ſtrew'd with Cypreſſe leaves
Th'unburied Pilgrim in the field: examine ſir
Your troubled memory. It cannot be.
Theand. You'le find it moſt expedient, and a truth.
Phyl. Impriſon her! her beauty will breake foorth.
You may as ſoone in Chriſtall Iayles confine
The Sunnes refulgent Beames, climbe heaven, reach downe
A Starr, and in a Lanthorne ſhut it, as impriſon her!
Theand. This iteration will
But vexe us both. Farewel! you may believe't
At leaſure ſir, time will perſwade you to't.

Phylom.

Phyl. Theander, ſtay; marke how I cancell all
Th'affection, merit, and the glorious vowes
Wee interchang'd in war, the parting teares
Wee ſhed, when in the day of battell our
Bold troopes wee did divide againſt the Foe:
And thoſe embraces made, when met agen,
Ioy'd and exalted with our victorie,
Are now eternally forgot.

Theand. I ſhould lament this loſſe, had you preſerv'd
Your vertue ſtill, and puritie of heart.

Phyl. Till three round journies of the Sun expire,
Ile give thee leiſure to repent, but then
Releaſe thy Siſter to her free converſe,
And publike view, or I will ſpread my Enſignes here,
And 'gainſt thy Pallace fix my Cannon, till
I batter it to duſt.

Thean. Poore *Phylomont*, how I neglect thy furie when it dares
Inkindle mine? If Fate reſolve, wee that
In forraigne Climes made others mourne, ſo ſoone
Muſt bleed at home; yet e're wee part, let us
Salute like civill Enemies— Farewell.
When next wee meet, 'twill be in danger, noyſe,
And ſulph'rous ſmoke; for *Eurithea's* ſake,
Thy Fetters ſhall be Silver, and thy Bonds of Silke.

Phyl. And for *Ariola's*, if thou ſhalt fall
Beneath my Sword, I will imbalme thee with my Teares;
My eyes grow moiſt with pittie of our Fates.

Theand. And mine with ſorrow melt ſo faſt away,
I ſhall be left in darkneſſe if I ſtay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Caſtraganio, Fredeline, and Amadine.

Caſtr. This *Gridonell* is young and ſimple ſir,
Admires all women with a tame extaſie.
And then my Siſter *Amadine* (you know)
Hath a moſt pure contriving Wit; if wee
Could get him marrie her, it were a ſtratagem
Would make us rich and famous.

Fred. But will you bring her to him now?

Caſtra. That's our deſigne.

Fred. Haſt thou o'rewatch'd thy ſelfe? art mad?

Caſtra. Why Signior?

Fred.

Fred. 'Tis paſt the time two houres, when by our great
Phyſitions date, the Med'cine 'gan to worke.
I doe believe, the Duke e're this hath felt
Some ſudden diffrence in his Mayden bloud:
And *Gridonell* I'm ſure, drunke his full ſhare;
'Twill worke him to ſuch furie, hee will raviſh
Thy poore Siſter, nay eate her up, not leave
A morſell big enough to beare her name,
Or memorie that ſuch a creature was.
Caſtra. Shee's old, and tough, and will be ſure to put
Him Sir, to th'triall of his teeth: but I
Had quite forgot, hee tooke the Med'cine, wee
Muſt chuſe ſome other time. *Fred.* As for your ſiſters marriage
Sir, with *Gridonell*, truſt my plots, ſuch I
Have laid, as ſhall joyne hearts and hands, then ſtraight
Bring 'um to bed, I thinke ſir, ſhee deſires no more.
Caſtra. Sir, you obliege us with new benefits.
Fred. Some cauſe you'l have to ſay ſo now; read that—
'Tis a Commiſſion I procur'd the Duke
This morning ſigne, which gives you a company
In's Regiment gariſon'd at *Meſina:*
So you are now my friend and Captaine *Caſtraganio.*
Caſt. The latter adds to my revenew ſir, the firſt to my content.
Fred. Have you imploy'd your Siſter *Amadine* in my behalfe?
Caſtra. Sir, there ſhee ſtands, readie to execute
All you injoine, to th'hazard of her life.
Fred. Sweet *Amadine*, your kindneſſe can excuſe
An old ſinner, whoſe fraile, weake fleſh, Nature
Intending to keepe long, a little hath
O're-ſeaſon'd with her ſalt, I would be glad
Sometimes to be refreſh'd; I know you hold
The Princeſſe in your power; will you indeere
Mee to her faire eſteeme, procure mee ſuch
Addreſſe as may be oportune and fit?
Amad. Sir, I've alreadie mov'd your praiſes with
Some vehemence; it proſpers too, as far
As good opinion of your perſon and your parts.
Fred. And is there hope wee may converſe, by Star,
Or Moone-light, yet be ſo maydenlie to call
To have the Curtaines drawne?

Amad. This ſir, with good endeavour may be done.
Fred. Then cough and make a noiſe, till wee
Grow wittie in our feares, and breake ſmall Ieaſts,
Laugh out agen, and lift the apron up
To ſtifle ſlaughter, till't be cruſh'd into
A grave and ſilent ſmile. *Amad.* But meaning ſir no harme?
Fred. And whiſper cloſe, till in the darke, the lips
Be oft miſtaken for the eares, and then
Laugh out, and wake the Poſſet-eating Nurſe.
Amad. Still meaning ſir no harme?
Fred. None I proteſt, mine's pure Platonick Love.
Caſtra. My Siſter Signior is inquiſitive,
Guiltie of my offence, ſhee ask'd mee e're
You came, why you indevour'd thus to have
The Ladie married to another, whom you meant to love?
Fred. That's the Platonick way; for ſo
The Bals, the Banquets, Chariot, Canopie,
And quilted Couch, which are the places where
This new wiſe Sect doe meditate, are kept,
Not at the Lovers, but the Husbands charge,
And it is fit; for marriage makes him none,
Though ſhee be ſtill of the Societie.
Amad. And may beſides her husband, have
A ſad Platonicall ſervant to helpe her meditate.
Fred. All moderne beſt Court Authors doe allow't.
Amad. You give good light into the buſineſſe ſir.
Fred. Were *Enrithea* married, I would teach
Her the true Art, ſhee is unskilfull yet.
Amad. *Hymen* may burne his Taper to a ſnuffe
Before wee ſee her wedding day; there's nothing comes
So ſeldome in *Theanders* thought *Fred.* But are you ſerious?
Amad. I've newly dreſs'd her like a Shepherdeſſe;
And hee i'th old Arcadian habit meets
Her ſtrait, to whine and kiſſe, that's all they doe.
Fred. How? 'tis two full houres ſince the prefix'd time
Our Artiſt did preſcribe his Charme ſhould operate;
I hope hee hath not us'd us thus. *Caſtraganio*,
Captaine, I'd forgot: deare ſir, haſten, and ſee
How it doth worke with *Gridonell*:
You, gentle Miſtris, ſhall conduct mee to

Some

Some covert in the grove, where I may beſt
Obſerve *Theander* and his talke; it will concern me much. *Exeunt.*

Enter Arnoldo, Iaſpero, Gridonell.

Arnol. This creature you ſo admire, is but
The Princeſſe woman Sir. *Iaſp.* A very creature, and doth ſerve.
Grid. Would I might ſerve her, Gentlemen; I long
To weare a Fan, I have a toſſing Feather
In my chamber as broad as a Sycamore tree,
It will make two dozen of Fans.
Arnol. But for what uſes could you ſerve a woman?
Grid. Inſtead of rearing a ſquare Sconſe, I'd learne
To raiſe up Paſte; and then for puſh o'Pike,
Practiſe to poke a Ruffe.
Iaſp. Theſe qualities will make your wages Sir,
At leaſt foure Markes a yeare.
Grid. My Corp'rall ſhall ſerve too.
It is an honeſt fellow, and a Lover;
He may waſh bucks, and ſcowre diſhes, inſtead of Armour.
Arnol. Is he a Lover too?
Grido. O I! he loves women; dares talke and handle 'em:
And would tell ſuch pretty tales of a
Fine gentle damſell that he knew. *Iaſ.* What was ſhe?
Grido. I never ſaw her ſir, but ſhe boyld Cheſtnuts,
And ſold bloat herring in the Leaguer.
Arnold. There are waies left for you to compaſſe *Amadine*,
Better then ſervice: you ſhould woe, and winne her.
Grido. Pray Gentlemen, how doe they uſe to woe?
Arn. Why, with fine language. *Grid.* What's that ſir, French?
Iaſ French is indeede the ſmotheſt and moſt proſperous.
Grido. Alas! I can ſpeake none, but a few words
We uſe i'th warre, as at our court *de Guard*,
We cry, *Que va la.* *Arnol.* That ſir, will ſerve,
When you ſhall meet your Miſtriſſe in the darke.
Grido. And then after a battaile, *Rendez vous.*
Iaſ. That may be uſ'd ſir, when ſhee's obſtinate,
And will not yield to love. *Grid.* This is all my fine language.
Iaſ. VVomen are woo'd with Muſicke too?
Grid. VVill the Drumme and Trumpet ſerve, with ſad ſongs
Set to 'em, to the tune of a dead March?
Arnol. Yes, at the Fun'rall of a Generalls wife;

But there is yet another meanes, they oft
Are woo'd by letters elegantly penn'd.
Grid. I, you are happy that can write and read.
I was taught once to set my marke to a Shoo-makers Bill.
Enter Castraganio.
Castr. *Arnolde*, do's this Soldiers humor last?
Arnol. Still more, hee's growne demurer than
A young *Geneva* Bride; commits Idolatrie
To every Lawndresse in the house, and dares
Not speake to 'um, but with his hat in's eies.
Castr. Belike the Med'cine hath not wrought; Ile lead
Him to my Sister: Follow sir, this is
The blessed houre, wherein you shall behold
Faire *Amadine*, and court her too.
Grid. Good Gentlemen, pray goe and beare mee out;
But teach mee how to weare my Cloake, and when
I should pull on my Gloves. — *Exeunt.*
Enter Fredeline, Sciolto, Buonatoste.
Fred. Wee are undone: I found him lying in
A Poplar shade, with colder thoughts about him,
Than old *Carthusians* have when they are sick:
Lesse apt for our veneriall Love than *Muscovites*
Benighted when they travell on the Ice.
Sciolt. And workes so little with my Son, hee stands
Moping, and fix'd, as hee were to be sold
To a Stone-cutter for a Marble statue.
Buon. My Lord, I'm lost in my astonishment,
Some envious Spirit checks my Art, it was
Not wont to faile the strictest minute given,
To make the virtue and effect appeare.
Sciolt. This is the Powder that you priz'd so high,
As 'twere a grated Carbuncle, or that
Long Diamond pounded which the *Sultan* weares upon his thumb.
Fred. Where's your Philosophie? your strong deepe Art,
That piercing through the Center, would looke downe
To Hell, there number all the Fiends, and take
Account, how many load of Coales is every yeare
Allow'd for their expense? *Sciolt.* Yes sir, and when the Sun
Is blowne out by a strong Northerly wind,
You'ld undertake agen to light him with

A torch

A Torch heav'd up by a long *Iacobs* ſtaffe.

Buon. My Lord, I ſmile at theſe vaine injuries
You doe to Art, not mee, 'tis fitter for
Your wonder than your mirth; but take your courſe.

Fred. Since your great Maſter *Ariſtotle* dy'd,
(Who fool'd the drunken Macedon out, of
A thouſand Talents to buy Bookes) what have
The multitude of's learn'd ſucceſſors done,
Wrote Comments on his workes; 'light, I could beat
You all, have you ſo many Ages toyl'd
T'interpret what hee writ in a few yeares?
Is there yet nothing new, to render benefit
For humane life, or ſtrengthen reaſon for
Our after hopes? Why, doe wee build you Colledges?

Sciolt. Yes, and allow 'um Penſions too, that they
May ſcribble for no end, but to make Paper deare.

Buon. For one unluckie ſcape in knowledge, muſt
I ſuffer all this tyrannie? *Sciolt.* You ſtudie Phiſick too?

Fred. Hee knowes to cure ſick Chickens o'the Pip.

Sciolt. I'ld faine ſee one of that profeſſion live
Five hundred yeares without loſſe of a tooth.

Fred. No Sir, they'l ſuffer ruine and decay
In their owne bodies for examples ſake,
That others may fall ſick and make 'um rich.

Sciolt. Right *Fredeline*, for notwithſtanding, all
Their Min'rals and their hearbs, wee muſt be faine
At laſt to betake our ſelves to the wide yawne,
Grinning, and the long ſtretch. *Buon.* You make all knowledge
But deception ſir, and Cheaters of the learn'd Phyloſophers.

Fred. Troth little leſſe, the merry *Fop* of *Thrace*,
That alwaies laugh'd, pretending, 'twas at vanitie;
Alas, 'twas his diſeaſe, going to ſteale
Muſhromes for his ſupper, the blew mouth'd Serpent skulk'd
Under a Dock leafe, and bit him by the thumbe,
From whence hee tooke that laughing Maladie.

Sciolt. And his *Antagoniſt* would ever ſeeme
To weepe out of a Pious cauſe, a fine
Diſſembling fellow, 'twas not ſorrow made him weepe.

Buon. No ſir, make that appeare.

Sciolt. Ile ſhew a Manuſcript, now kept i'th Vatican that proves

He had nine yeares a Fiſtula in's eie. *Fred.* Meere couzners all.
Sciolt. As for *Diogenes*, that faſted much,
And tooke his habitation in a Tub,
To make the world believe hee lov'd a ſtrict
And ſevere life, hee tooke the diet ſir,
And in that very Tub, ſwet for the French diſeaſe.
Fred. And ſome unlearn'd Apothecarie ſince,
Miſtaking's name, call'd it *Cornelius Tub.*
Buon. My noble friends, make much ſtill of your ſpleenes,
Tickle your ſelves with ſtrawes, if you want ſport,
I ſhall have my revenge e're long.
Sciolt. I thinke y'have poyſon'd the Duke, and my Son too.
If it be found, Ile cut your throat ſo wide
Open, that when you take your Morning's draught,
You ſhall goe neere to ſpill your drinke.
Buon. My Lord, I ſcorne your callumnies;
Ile to *Meſſina*, and contemne you both. *Exit.*
Sciolt. My feares miſ-give mee *Fredeline*; if hee
Should now take horſe, and leave us here to owne
His trecherous fact, that were a fine Phyloſophie.
Fred. Unleſſe he have the ſubtle art to flie, wee'l overtake him;
He ſhall not ſtir, untill we know his med'cines quality. *Exeunt.*

Enter Theander like a noble Shepherd.

Theand Three wearie circuits of the Sun expir'd,
Fierce *Phylomont* and I ſhall meet
To know the diffrence of our Stars, till then
Ile practiſe Rites of Love: My *Eurithea* muſt
Not know our anger, nor the cauſe. Come forth
My Princely Shepherdeſſe, and leave thy Lambs
(Leſſe gentle than thy ſelfe) whilſt wee a while *Enter Eurithea*
Grow penſive in this gloomy ſhade. *like a Shepherdeſs.*
Eurith. Why ſhould we hide our ſelves *Theander* from
The free diſcoveries of the light, that know
Not guiltineſſe to cauſe a baſhfull feare.
Theand. This greene and fragant pallace tempts our ſtay,
Here ſir, where Nature made the ſharper ſented bryer,
And luſcious Ieſmine meet to quallifie
And reconcile their diff'ring ſmels within
The hunnie woodbines weak and ſlender armes; ſit neerer, wee are
Too remote — *Eurith.* How, my *Theander*, am I ſtill ſubdu'd
With

With thy chaſte victories upon my heart?
Would heaven had nere begun theſe joyes, till it
Had kindly promis'd they ſhould never end.
Theand. Yet whilſt they laſt, wee'l ſtrive to make the ſtrict
Example of our love, an eaſie Law, unto the vaine fantaſtick world.
Eurith. The nimble Dwarfe,
And lazie Evenuch then (which are the ſpies
And meſſengers of their blind god) might reſt
Upon their quilts, at home, for all their toyles
And ſimple buſineſſ upon earth ſhould ceaſe.
Theand. And that ſmall god himſelfe (who ne're could tempt
Wiſe Poets to increaſe his ſtature, or
To mend his eyes, as knowing what
A uſeleſſe Deitie they mad) might ſoone
Goe ſhake his Quiver, and unplume his Shafts.
The influence with which his fond Idolaters
Are giddily inſpir'd, is incident to falſhood and to change.
Eurith. But our affection, Time, nor ſad diſtreſſe
Have power to alter or deſtroy.
Theand. Yet ſay the furie of ſome ſudden war
Should leade us captive to a cruell Land,
Couldſt thou indure the frownes of Deſtinie,
And be thus beautious ſtill? When ſcornfull men
Shall aske, where now are all thoſe Perſian Loomes
Your Lovers flowing wealth imploy'd to weave
Your veſtments ever new, when you appear'd
Like gawdie *April* in *Cecilian* Meades,
Or various Tulips in the Ides of *May*?
Eurith. Feare not my love; the homely weeds ſpun by
The courſe and heavie finger'd people, that
Reſide i'th neighbour vale, ſhould well become
My beauty then, ſince humbled by my thoughts,
The briske pert Linnet in his ruſſet Feathers flyes,
As warme as any Bird of Paradiſe
With all his painted and his guilded trim.
Theand But oh! me thinkes I heare thy mourning, and
The ſawcie Foe demand, where are thoſe Fumes
Of ſweet *Aſſyrian* Nard, wvilde Cypreſſe Boughes,
And ſifted Amber of the Southern Sea,
Which ever as you mov'd, *Theander* burnt,

Pretending

Pretending sacrifice, but 'twas to hide
You in those costly mists, from Rivals eyes.
Eurith. Then with my wiser scorne I shall reply,
For sweets, behold yond' bed of Violets,
That leane and hang their heads together, as
They seem'd to whisper and consult, how to
Preserve their odor to themselves, whilst neere
Each Christall brooke the jolly Primrose stands
Triumphing on his stalke, as he disdain'd
His hidden roote, ambitious to be worne
Within a chaste, although a captives breast.
Theand. Still, still me thinkes, this rugged conqueror
Derides thee with his Iron wit, and askes
Where are the whispers of your amorous Lute,
That sooth'd you into slumbers till your dreames
Became your greatest sinne.
Eurith. When I shall musick need, Ile say each tree
Doth entertaine a Quire at natures charge:
And what is he dares touch the *Tuscan* Lute,
Whilst in the night he heares the Bird begin (wrong'd?
Her pensive notes; whose feather'd Ancestor the firie *Tereus*
Theand. And whilst thy dayes of bondage last, thou shalt
With artfull needle draw in silken Imagry,
The stories of our fatall love, and learne
T'outworke that mistick nourserie of Maids— *Theander gazing*
The Phrygian Sybill taught. (*on her, rises and starts.*
Eurith. Ay me, what sudden terrour shakes you thus,
Into a wild demeanor of your lookes?
Theand. Such fire as this, I have not felt before,
It boyles my liver, and it burnes my heart,
My blood runs flaming till my scorched veines,
Together cur'll like broken treble strings.
Eurith. Tell me, the best of Princes, what's your griefe?
Theand. Tis strange; come *Eurithea* let us walke.
Eurith. Will you divide your troubles from my breast?
Shall I not know your griefe, which though
My pitie cannot remedy, my prayers may?
Theand. It is a Fire, kindled and bred in Hell:
For it perswades, and warmes me to a guilt:
As strange and distant from my knowledge, as

Mir

My will; move on my gentle Love. Oh ſtay! goe back!
Goe back a while, till I've ſubdu'd my thoughts.
Eurith. Helpe him ſweet heaven, preſerve his reaſon ſafe.—
Theand. Nay, doe not weepe; thoſe watrie obſequies
Serve to lament, not quench ſuch Funerall fire as mine.
Eurith. A Funerall fire?
Theand. O yes; 'twill burne me after death, though thou
Couldſt drop more ſhowres than *April* weepes when *March*
Hath blowne the ruder winds into his eies;
Though every teare thou ſhedd'ſt were ſwell'd into
A wave, thou couldſt not quench this ſecret fire.
Eurith. Deare *Theander!* *Thea.* Hide, hide thy beauty e're
Thou ſpeak'ſt; put on thy vaile: nay, cloſer yet—*She vailes her ſelf.*
Eurith. You carefull Angels that reſide above,
Can you have buſineſſe of more grace or need,
Than to conſider ſuch a change as this?
Theander, ſpeake; what may it meane?
Theand. To name it, were ſuch impudence, as Bawds
And Raviſhers cannot attaine, till they
Are growne long exercis'd, and old.
Eurith. Theſe words are newer than the wondrous cauſe
That gives them breath. *Theand.* Bold devill! thou imperious (flame,
Sure I ſhall ſtifle thee at laſt. Now come
My *Eurithea*, let's move on, thy ſtrong
O'recomming beautie clouded thus, wee may
Converſe, and ſafely too I hope. Alas,
Why do'ſt thou weepe? O ſad, ſiniſter change!
I am reſolv'd; for if my tainted vaines
Still harbour this diſeaſe, I will not need
Thy anger *Phylomont*, to make mee bleed. *Exeunt.*

Act. 4. Scen. 1.

Enter Buonateſte, Sciolto, Fredeline.

Buon. Where is the honor of my Science now?
Are my aſſertions true? I told you, though
Their cold unpractis'd conſtitutions might
For two ſhort houres be an impediment
To our fierce hopes, it could not faile to worke.

Sciolt. Magnanimous Rabbin, thou haſt conquer'd us,
Wee yield to thy Phyloſophie; I would
Kneele downe for expiation of my miſ-beliefe,
But that my joints are old, and it were troubleſome
To riſe agen, my fine Magicall Mounſier,
Be courtly in thy Learning, embrace us, and forgive our Hereſie.
Buon. But are you reconcil'd (with Pious thoughts)
Vnto the ancient Sages, and believe their knowledge of ſome uſe?
Sciolt. They are Right Worſhipfull,
I rev'rence all their Ghoſts; but for th'old fellow
That walk'd with's Lanthorne to find honeſt men,
Introth hee did an Anceſtor of mine
A private wrong, ſticks in my ſtomack yet.
Fred. My Lord, it needs muſt be ſo long agoe
Your goodneſſe ſhould perſwade your memorie
To blot it out; but pray, what wrong could poore
Diogenes afford your Anceſtor?
Sciolt. Why meeting him in a blind Lane, hee deny'd
To lend him that Lanthorne, which you know (Signior)
To a gentleman in ſilk Stockings, and white Shoes, was a diſcurteſie.
Buon. Your Lordſhip's ſubtle in antiquities,
And have kept a very nice Intelligence.
Sciolt. Well *Fredeline*, this luckie Plot was ours;
W'have done enough; wee now may combe
Our heads, ſtroke 'um, ſtrew 'um ore with Nutmegs
To gratifie our braines, then lay 'um up
To ſleepe. Haſt thou convers'd with the good Duke
Since hee did feele the med'cine in his blood?
Fred. O Sir, the Ice is melted that hath kept his vaines
So frozen and condenc'd; hee muſt find out,
That Nature made a woman for ſome uſe
More conſequent, than to converſe with, and admire:
Beſides, this our belov'd and knotty Sophiſter
Hath fill'd mee with ſuch Potent arguments,
Divine and Morall, to perſwade the Rites
Of Marriage, wiſe, and ſeemly too, as hee
Shall needs conſent in's reaſon and his will,
That hee was once begotten, and muſt now beget.
Sciolt. Th'aſt drawne this Circle with my owne compaſſe,
And rais'd a ſpirit in't, *Agrippa's* ſelfe,

Were

Were hee alive, could not allay.

Fred. Nay more, by my appointment ſir, there waits
A Prieſt, at th'chappell dore, who juſt upon
The nick of his converſion may appeare,
And tye that miſtick knot; which *Euriſthea*, though
Shee pick it with her little fingers, and
Her Bodkin, hardly will unlooſe agen.

Sciolt. Exquiſite *Fredeline*, I heare the *Doce*
I gave my Son, hath turn'd him from a tame
Soldier to a towne Bull; I will goe ſeeke
Him ſtrait, and find ſome meanes t'appeaſe his am'rous wrath. *Exit.*

Fred: Phyloſopher, wee two muſt ſeale a Brother-hood;
Come, let mee ſhake thy Hebrew and thy Greeke
Tranſcribing Fiſt: Not all thy Leatherne, nor
Thy Vellum friends, thoſe dead companions on
Thy ſhelves, ſhall be more faithfull to thee than
Thy humble *Fredeline*. *Buon.* Though my owne ſtudies ſir,
Be ſolemne and profound, I honor a
Good Wit, and can be tickled with pure Fancie
Aſwell as youthfull Poets in their wine.
Yours I have plac'd in my firſt choice.

Fred. Ah my Phyloſopher! if thy almighty Art could doe one (courteſie
In my behalfe, I'ld fill thy Standiſh with
My heart blood, e're thou ſhouldſt want inke to write,
And leave thy wiſedome to the world.

Buon. But name it ſir: we that are rich in treaſure of the mind,
Like others wealthy in their gold, doe oft
Preſerve the beſt and chiefeſt part conceal'd.

Fred. Couldſt thou by ſome rare ſubtle compound worke
On Nature ſo, that whom I lov'd, might be
Inforc'd to make returne of affection hot
And violent as mine; mee thinkes I ſee
A cheerfull anſwer in thy lookes, be kind,
And ſpeake ſome comfort e're I faint. *Buon.* This may be done.

Fred. How, how? my ſage immortall friend?

Buon. You are in love? *Fred* Platonically ſir, no otherwaies.

Buon. Fie, fie! profeſſe a friendſhip, and preſume
To gull mee with a Ladies Paradox!
Doe not I know what that imports?

Fred. Well ſir, you that have skill t'interpret all

The Eaſtern tongues, may manage my weake words
Into what ſenſe you pleaſe.
Buon. If you expect redreſſe, the Miſtris whom
You love muſt grow familiar to my ſight,
That I may ſtudy her complexion, and
Her yeares; then marke which way her ſoule's inclin'd.
Fred. I know 'twill be as ſafe a ſecret in
Your knowledge as in mine, 'tis *Eurithea.* —
Buon. I thanke you much, not for the truſt you put
Into my breſt, but for your brave ambition ſir,
For I affect great Spirits like great Wits:
But give mee leave to aske.
Fred. I will prevent you ſir, for I preſume
You'l but demand what others privie to
My bold deſigne have queſtion'd twice, why I
Thus toile to make *Theander* marry her,
Since by my hopes preſcrib'd for mine owne bed?
Buon. You gueſſe my wonder to the full.
Fred. My other Inſtruments I thought too thick
And heavie ſoul'd, to merit knowledge of
This myſterie, but you have reaſon ſir, and ſhall be ſatisfi'd.
Buon. Signior, I weare your praiſe as my beſt dignity.
Fred. Pray liſten then. If I ſhould thinke t'enjoy
Her by the tame and formall title of
A Wife, I were but ſimply gull'd by my
O'reweening, and too ſawcie Ignorance,
As knowing well my birth, my fortune, and
My yeares make me unfit for ſuch a hope;
Yet it is apt ſhee marry too: and why?
That ſhee may taſte man, for ſir, in this cold
And frozen life of her virginity,
There is no meanes to proſper my deſires,
But when ſhee comes to reliſh Man, whoſe warme
Contaction makes her thaw, then like a Spring
Too long impriſon'd in her Ice, ſhee'l ſpread
Into a lib'rall ſtreame, that ev'ry thirſty Lover may
Carouſe, untill his heat be quench'd.
Buon. 'Tis ſubtly ſaid; but Signior, now ſuppoſe
The wedding paſt, have you no other meanes
To proſecute your love? *Fred.* More cunning and ſublime!

My

My deepe deſignements have contriv'd, before
His bridall kiſſes coole upon her lips,
Hee ſhall grow jealous of her chaſtitie.
This ſir is certaine as the nights
Succeſſion to the day, and well you know,
Shee that finds her husband jealous without cauſe,
Will lye Perdu untill ſhee give him one.

Buon. Thy bold ambition and thy wit, indeer'd
Thee firſt unto my thoughts, but now I find
Thee deeply read in Lovers Polliticks;
The luſtfull Prieſts of *Paphos* might have been
Diſciples to thy skill. How I affect
Miſchiefe, when mannag'd by a braine, can lead
And uſher it in new untrodden waies? —

Fred. But will you make this compound ſir?

Buon. It ſhall be ſtrait prepar'd, which, e're you ſleepe
You muſt receive into your noſthrill by a fume
Made on a little fire of *Caſſia* roots; then gaze
On her to morrow but two minutes ſpace,
Untill your am'rous Optick ſpirits by
A ſecret tranſmitation ſteale into
Her eyes, and ſtraight the worke is crown'd. *Enter Theander.*

Fred. I am oblieg'd to ſacrifice my life:
The Duke is come, away. It is not fit
Your friendſhip ſhould be yet begun; goe to
Your Limbeck deare Phyloſopher. —— *Exit Buon.*

Theand. Leiſure, and drowſie ſloath, did firſt beget
Theſe crooked and abortive thoughts: they are
The progenie of eaſe. What doe I heere?
When I had buſineſſe in the Campe they ne're
Durſt tempt mee in my idleſt dreames: But oh!
They have o'recome my nature, and my ſtrength!
If there be remedies, Ile chuſe the beſt.

Fred. This morne your excellence was pleas'd to thinke
My councels, learn'd, and requiſite; I wiſh
Your wiſe opinion may not change her faith;
There waits a Prieſt within will give a ſweet
And ſudden cure to your diſeaſe.

Theand. I thanke you ſir; have you acquainted *Phylomont*
With my deſire of peacefull conference?

Fred. He will obay you ſir— look where hee comes.

Enter Phylomont.

Phyl. Sir, I am told, you wiſh'd mee here on ſome
Affaire, may much concerne us both, and that
Our meeting ſhould be full of equall courteſie.

Theand. Sir, I have done you wrong, and made mine eyes
Severe Inquiſitors to find your faults,
But vayl'd them when they look'd upon mine owne:
I'm growne leſſe temp'rate than your ſelfe, ſomething
I feele, which to extenuate with civility
I'ld name, unrulineſſe of youth, though I
Was wont to call't a Sin.

Phyl. O, is it come to this? Ile caſhiere my new levy'd troops.
Wee'l kill no Souldiers ſir, there's hope wee may beget
Some now. *Theander*, ſpeake? Shall wee preſerve
Our Enſignes folded, and proclaime a peace?

Theand. My Siſter you ſhall marry, *Phylomont.*

Phyl. I thanke you Sir, moſt heartily: You, if
You pleaſe, ſhall marry mine, and then doe with
Her what you liſt; for Ile make bold with yours.

Fred. This Duke is one of *Plato's* Hereticks.

Theand. How e're our inward inclinations are
Moſt ſulpherous and foule, let us (I pray)
Inforce a little vertue from Hypocriſie,
And hide it from externall view.

Phylo. Theander, I was bred under as chaſte
And modeſt Diſcipline as any Prince alive;
And can affect a Lovers tenderneſſe,
And decencie of ſpeech, but not to know
The order, and the courſe of things were fond
Unmettal'd Ignorance. Is't not the cuſtome Sir,
That wee muſt marry firſt, and then to Bed?

Theand. To Bed, that is to ſleepe.

Phyl. Right, if the Bridegroome Sir be mad, ſleepe is
His Med'cine then; I'm ſober, I thanke heaven,
And know my buſineſſe, your Siſter ſhall find it.

Theand. All this is newes to mee, either thou knowſt
Too much, or I have thought a virtue what
More pregnant men, may terme a dull miſtake;
It cannot be, I have a ſtrange inſtinct

That

That gives mee pleaſure in my former faith.
Phyl. Injoy it ſtill, your life and motion ſir,
You can preſerve by immateriall fire,
Wee that are forc'd to keepe our ſpirits warme
In fleſh and blood, muſt be content to live
As other mortals doe.
Theand. I prethee let's diſpute it baſhfully;
Yet I would learne, is cuſtome growne ſo bold?
Firſt marry *Phylomont*, and ſtrait to bed!
Phyl. To bed, that's as you ſaid to ſleeepe; and then
'Tween ſleepe and waking ſir, to touch, as 'twere
By chance, not purpoſe, and ſo fall into
You gueſſe the reſt. *Thean.* Enough, *Ile* heare no more.
Phyl. But where's your Siſter? I would faine diſpatch.
Theand. Conduct him to her, *Fredeline*; this Key
Will open you the way, if I ſhall need
Her pardon to excuſe m'unskilfulneſſe,
Intreat it for mee ſir. *Phyl.* It ſhall be eaſily attain'd.
Fred. This is a ſervice I have much deſir'd to do your excellence.
Phyl. Signior, you have deſerv'd my thanks. *Exeunt. Phyl. Fred.*
Theand. This noble youth was by the generall voice
Held moſt exact and heavenly in the whole
Demeanor of his life, his judgment is
Of late defil'd, or what I feele is no
Rebellion of my reaſon, but my ſtrength,
Not a diſeaſe, but ſome odd ſawcineſſe *Enter Eurithea vayl'd.*
Of health, which hee doth merrily commend.
Behold my faire *Cathuſian* now appeares,
Whoſe purer thoughts and beauty ſoone will turne
This new opinion to an hereſie.
Eurith. I was perſwaded ſir, thus vayl'd, to wait
On your commands. *Thean.* Tis now (ſweet *Eurithea*) in thy (power
To ſhew a mercie that may ſave my life.
Slaves that are chain'd unto the heavie Oare,
Who labour till they chafe the reſtleſſe waves
Into a foame, are not inthrall'd like mee.
Eurith. Can you believe my Lord, your griefes are ſo
Contracted to your ſelfe, ſo ſlow and lame
With their ſad weight that in this tedious ſpace
They nere could travell to my heart?

Know

Know they have made a viſit here, here they
Are lodg'd; and I could wiſh (though ſtrangers much
Vnwelcom'd at the firſt) they never would
Returne from whence they came.

Theand. Thou art too pittifull: but be ſo ſtill,
That I may flatter my oppreſſions with
Some hope, if not with remedy, grant a
Requeſt which I unwillingly muſt urge,
And thou ſhalt faintly heare.

Eurith. Why doe I languiſh with delaies? call't not
(*Theander*) a requeſt, but a command,
And juſtly confident reveale it ſtrait. *Thean.* O that we could
Exchange intelligence with our dumbe thoughts,
And make our meaning knowne e're it ſhould need
The tongue! I cannot, dare not nam't.

Eurith. You wrong th'unblemiſh'd vertue of your ſoule,
Your contemplation never could create
A buſineſſe ſo deform'd, as not deſerves
To be deliver'd by your voice, I ſigh,
And mourne untill I heare't.

Theand. If I muſt ſpeake, I would ſome Northern froſt
That purifies the morn's infected miſts, would purge
My breath, e're it arrive unto thine eare.
Poore *Eurithea*, you muſt marrie mee.

Eurith. Is't this, that ſo hath vex'd your utterance?
More willingly than I would leave the black
And ſootie Caves, where Fiends reſide, to walke
I'th fragrant dwellings of the bleſt: Lead on,
Be cheerfull, and recall your health, your owne
Domeſtick Prieſt, with ceremonious Rites
Will quickly perfit your deſire.—

Theand. So willingly I ſtay *Eurithea*, can you gueſſe th'intent
Of what you would performe, of many new
And undiſcover'd trials you ſhall make
Of things, we had not courage yet to learne;
Darke deeds, and practis'd in the night, which when
Our haſtie youth ſhall aske our wiſdome leave,
May ſeeme perhaps convenient, but not good.

Eurith. Why ſhould I make my meditation judge
Of what your better knowledge hath reſolv'd?

Thus

Thus I unvayle, to tell the world I dare
I'th open interview of light, approve
And juſtifie your worſt and ſecret thoughts.
Theander, lead the way.

Theand. O cruell ſtars! I ſhall betray a Virgin now, whoſe inno-
Is ſo extreame, it yields, and turnes to guilt! (cence

Enrith. Why doe you ſtay my Lord, and ſtrive to make,
Or find new ſorrowes, e're the old are loſt.

Theand. Leave mee my gentle Love; I will not goe,
Nor tell the cauſe: Would thou wer't wicked as
My ſelfe awhile, that thou might'ſt know't: my eyes
Grow ſick; 'tis not ſecure to weare
Thy beauties thus diſplay'd.

Enrith. Alas, theſe are but couz'ning formes, there is
No truth in your delayes; I know you ſpoke
In the ſincereneſſe of your ſoule, when you
Profeſs'd our marriage would aſſiſt your minds
Recoverie. *Theander*, come.

Theand. Dull Fate! where is the vigour that I ſhow'd
When our lowd Cannon ſeem'd to ſtifle the
Affrighted day with ſmoke, and Rivers flow'd
Themſelves into a new extent, ſwelling
Their tides with humane blood? In Lovers ſoft
And ſimple war, I'm weaker than a child.

Enrith. Still more delayes! you kill mee if you ſtay.

Theand. Shee is reſolv'd, her better Angell ſure
Is ever by her ſide, no danger then
Can harbour where ſhee goes, and yet I bluſh
As I ſhould need her vayle to hide my ſhame
E're I commit the Sin—lead you the way.

Enrith. This is a ſtrange command! here, follow ſir.

Theand. Thou little, though imperious God of love,
(Warmely inthron'd within thy mothers lap,)
How wilt thou ſit and ſmile when thou ſhalt ſee
To ſooth thy wantonneſſe, and ſwell thy pride,
The Bridegroome woo'd, and uſher'd by the Bride? *Exeunt.*

Enter Gridonell, Caſtraganio, Arnoldo, Iaſpero.

Grid. I will not follow a Platonick Duke,
So tell him ſir, I am inſpir'd, and know
The meaning of the word.

Caſtra. Be not ſo furious ſir, I'm of your Sect,
Vnleſſe hee ſuddenly recant, I am
Reſolv'd ſooner to ſerve the great Turke.
Grid. The Turke! Is hee Platonically given?
Caſtra. Troth ſir, not much; hee hath ſome ſeven hundred
Of thoſe taff'tie creatures you admire ſo, in's owne houſe.
Grid. Would I were the great Turke
But for one Month; yet 'tis a chargeable place,
Hee cann't ſpend leſſe than a Corronels pay
In Pins among theſe Damſels, beſides Muffes,
And fine white Gloves! Poore Gentleman, hee lives
At a great rate. *Caſtraganio*, a word —— *takes him aſide.*
Caſtr. Be not ſo boiſterous ſir, the Powder workes ſtrangely.
Grid. Fetch mee your Siſter hither ſtrait.
Caſtr. But for what purpoſe?
Grid. What's that to you. I've occaſion to uſe her.
Something I muſt doe, I know not what 'tis,
But I begin to feele ſhee will be very
Convenient for mee at this time.
Caſtr. If you'l agree upon the wedding houre.
Grid. How long then muſt I ſtay?
Caſtra. Till a Licenſe be brought from *Palermo*,
And the Prieſt have done his office.
Grid. I have not patience to expect till then,
Goe bring her hither ſtrait; diſpatch,
Or Ile weare out my Fiſt upon your ſmooth countenance.
Caſtr. You are too rude, I'le leave you ſir. *Exit.*
Grid. Deny mee ſuch a poore requeſt? 'tis an
Ill natur'd Rogue! Come hither *Iaſpero*, have you a Siſter?
Iaſp. Yes, and a pretty one, I thanke my Stars.
Grid. Fetch her to mee inſtantly, I cannot ſtay.
Laſp. You muſt have patience till her Nurſe have made
Her ready ſir. *Grid.* Her Nurſe, what does ſhee with a Nurſe?
Iaſp. Shee is at ſuck, and hardly ſix monthes old.
Grid. At ſuck! nay, if ſhee lye at that poore Ward,
Tipling of milke, ſhee is not for my turne.
Arnoldo? prethee fetch mee thine.
Arnol. I would be glad to doe my friend a courteſie.
Would you had ſpoke in time, for ſir, introth ſhee's dead.
Grid. I doe not like a dead commoditie.

Well

Well Gentlemen, you muſt each ſtand Sentinell
Cloſe at the Laundry dore, and bring mee the
Firſt prize; no words, it muſt be done.
Arnol. Gladly, wee love th'imployment ſir.
Iaſp. This Soldier has din'd with the devill lately,
And fed on Sea-coale Cakes, hee's vildly alter'd.— *Ex. Iaſp. Arnol.*
Grid. I'm wondrous hot within; my guts are dry'd
To a bundle of match: and I breath Gunpowder.
What have I done of late, where have I bin? Let me conſider it.—
Enter Sciolto.
Sciolt. Hah! Melancholly, Son; thy Corporall would
Looke merrier when hee ſee's his Feather worne
I'th Enemies hat, and's Knapſack without bread,
Tell mee, what do'ſt thou want?
Grid. Something that you may helpe mee to; you ſir
Are old, and well experienc'd in the world.
Sciolt. And thou ſhalt have it then: tell mee, what is't?
Grid. Why ſir, a wench. *Sciol.* How boy! make me your pimp!
Doe not vex mee, you ſhall know I could fight in my Youth.
Grid. I ſir, any man will fight for a wench.
Sciolt. You will provoke mee, get you in, and give
Attendance to *Theanders* marriage rites, tis ſtrait to be perform'd.
Grid. Alas, I dare not goe; there is a cauſe not fit to be told.
Sciolt. You know what's fit! y'had beſt to tell it me.
Speake, what's the cauſe you dare not goe?
Grid. Sir, I ſhould raviſh the Bride.
Sciolt. Are you ſo eager bent? Rare Phyloſopher!
Grid. If I but ſee a Prieſt, and a Maid by,
Though her dowrie be but a Silver Thimble,
And a skein of Silke, I ſhall beat him ſir,
Vnleſſe hee doe his office ſtrait, and marrie us.
Sciolt. Hah! Tis high time to weare mine eyes open.
Hee may chance in this mad fit, contract himſelfe
To ſome Inheretrix that's landed on
The High-way, whoſe Father ſels fine Crab-ſticks,
And hazle Nuts to riding Citizens.
Come Son, this Key muſt lock you up; you ſhall
Remaine a Priſoner in my Chamber till you grow more tame.
Grid. Ile not be taken Priſoner ſir, by any man alive.
Sciolt. Nor yet obay your Father, you: you'l not

Inforce mee draw my Sword? *Grid.* No ſir, you had not beſt.

Sciolt. D'you threaten boy! not beſt to draw my ſword?

Grid. No ſir, for feare you ſpraine your arme: theſe weake Old fellowes know not what's good for 'um.

Scio. Sirra go in, one diſobedient word, & I will diſ-inherit thee.

Grid. My Lord, Ile yield, but if you would but lock Faire *Amadine* a priſoner i'th ſame roome.

Sciolt. Thou traitor, get thee in.

Grid. Perhaps ſhe would be willing ſir. *Sciol.* Go in I ſay. *Ex.*

Enter Phylomont, and Ariola.

Phyl. Let mee a while containe thee in mine armes (Belov'd *Ariola*) the force of Indian winds That ſhake the aged Cedar from his root Shall not divide us now. *Ariol.* Here I would ſtay (My valiant *Phylomont*) till death ſhould wave His dart, and becken us to follow him Vnto the hidden ſhades, till hee ſhould make By angry power theſe kind embraces cold.

Phyl. How ſad and diſmall ſound the farewels which Poore Lovers take, whom deſtiny diſ-joynes, Although they know their abſence will be ſhort? And when they meet agen, how muſicall And ſweet, are all the mutuall joyes they breath?

Ariol. Like Birds, who when they ſee the wearie Sun Forſake the world, they lay Their little Penſive heads beneath their wings, To eaſe that weighe which his departure adds unto their griefe.

Phyl. 'Tis true my love: but when They ſee that bright perpetuall traveller Returne, they warme and aire their Feathers at His beames, and ſing untill their gratitude Hath made them hoarſe.

Ariol. My Brother I requeſt may be forgiven, and call not my Reſtraint his cruelty, t'hath mended me Within, and fil'd mee with ſuch bleſſ'd deſignes, As will deſerve your wonder and your thanks. Forgive him, *Phylomont.* *Phyl.* Our friendſhip is Reſtor'd, which thus I will confirme with vowes Vpon thy ſacred hand, but ſurely it Were better ratifi'd upon thy baulmie lip,

Which

Which after abſence, decent cuſtome will,
Allow to thoſe, who are delighted when they meet.
Ariol. Your virtues have ſuch great and ſafe
Authority, they cannot aske what's fit to be deny'd— *he kiſſes her.*
Phyl. This ſeemes (me thinks) a new
Demeanor ſhee is alter'd much, more free
And kind than ſhee was wont.
Ariol. Why doſt thou ruminate aſide, as if
Thy Meditation were too guilty, or too great to be reveal'd?
Phyl. Give mee (thou precious darling of my heart)
The privilege to doubt a little, and
Reſolve me ſtrait; why are thy courteſies
So great now, and eaſily attain'd,
Which heretofore thou didſt deprive mee of
With frownes, and ſtrict behaviour of thy brow?
Ariol. It ſhall be ever thus, my paſſion, and
My thoughts are chang'd, as *Eurithea* with
My Brother lives, ſo ſhall our converſation take
All liberty, and our ſalutes be far
More amorous and bold, though vertuous ſtill.
Phyl. This bounty had been excellent, when you
Had privilege to give, or to deny; but now
Your charter's out of date, and mine
Begins to rule: the Prieſt attends below
To celebrate our Nuptiall rites, which is
The happy houre that doth advance
The husbands government; come, to the Chappell, Love.
Ariol. A little pawſe; what need wee marry ſir?
I lately was inſtructed to
A clearer choice of our felicitie: is it not better to live thus, in a
Perfection that wee know, than to attempt
New joyes, which our unskilfulneſſe ſhould
Make us doubt? this is the Angels life;
My Brother told me ſo, and then hee breath'd
Such holy Lectures as have proſper'd much upon my ſoule.
Phyl. Not marry (my *Ariola?*) is that the fatall word?
Take heed how you are ſooth'd into a ſtrange, and fond beliefe.
Ariol. Your caution (ſir) is onely needfull to
Your ſelfe, can you deſire a bleſſing more
Exact than this wee may poſſeſſe, to live

In everlasting confidence of what
Wee doe, yet still embrace, and love, although
In persons not conjoyn'd, united in our soules?
Phyl. These are but triviall documents, alas!
I'm hardly taught, thus rashly to renounce
What all the wiser world have taken so
Long leisure to aprove; besides, *Ariola*,
You much mistake your Brother, for just now
I saw him married, the deeds past, these hands
Gave, and presented him to *Hymens* use,
And hee's preparing for my Sisters bed.
Ariol. Your Sisters bed! (gentle my Lord) beware
How you confer a callumnie, which all
Your Orizons and mine, to helpe them cann't excuse to heaven.
Phyl. Let mee conduct you to him, and your eyes
Shall witnesse my assertion for a truth.
Ariol. No sir, if hee be guilty growne, I shall
Not wish to see him so; can hee recant
Thus soone, the faire religion hee did preach
With all the fervencie of mind? *Phyl.* Do not lament,
Th'example you should rather follow, than
Accuse: come, my *Ariola*, like him
Wee'l marry too, our wisdome shall perswade us to't.
Ariol. Some wicked spirit strives sir, to betray
Vs both: make triall of this new
Vnusuall happinesse awhile, live, and
Converse beneath the spreading poplar for
Our shade, and for variety wee'l sit
On yonder Rivers flowry bankes.
Phyl. There whisper till wee court him to delay
His journey to the Sea, and swell, untill
Hee leave his scalie deafe inhabitants
Vpon the Shore, as tribute to our Loves.
Ariol. I, *Phylomont*, these are the guiltlesse sports.
Phyl. Fine holy dreames indeed, but cannot last,
You and I must marry, 'tis resolv'd.
Ariol Banish that thought, or I will take my leave,
And be estrang'd for ever from thy sight.
But when reclaim'd, seeke mee i'th mirtle Grove.
Phyl. Stay, faire *Ariola*, my reason sure must laugh

At this ſubjection of my faith, but I
Will on, fredome and kind addreſſes ſhee
Hath ſtill aſſur'd; come, follow mee, like an
Vnwilling Proſelyte, I ſlowly move
To try the pleaſures of Platonick Love. *Exeunt.*

Enter Amadine, Fredeline with a Paper, and Caſtragano.

Amad. Diſpatch ſir, it growes late, my Lady will
Expect I wait on her to bed, th'intelligence
I bring is full of certainty and truth.
Make your advantage of't with your beſt skill.

Fred. Wilt thou adventure *Amadine*, 'tis but
(At worſt) the forfeiture of thy poore ſervice,
Which ile requite, with giving thee young *Gridonell*
To be thy husband, and to rule; my plots
Have ſo deſign'd, why did I order't elſe
That hee ſhould take the Med'cine which hath forc'd
Him to ſuch Fœminine attempts?

Amad. Indeed hee's growne more bold with mee of late,
And will come fairely on in time.

Fred. O doubt it not, can my experienc'd head ſtudy in vaine?
Captaine, my indeer'd friend, will you forſake
Mee now, when ſuch a ripe occaſion ſhowes
It ſelfe, to give ſucceſſe unto my hopes?
Your ſiſter is content to hazard all. *Caſtra.* Tis full of danger ſir.

Fred. I will be there my ſelfe, and ſtand between
Your perſon and his vvrath.

Caſtr. Tis certaine loſſe ſir, of my company.

Fred. How? what's a company that brings as fraile
Revenew, and uncertaine, as our purchaſes
At dice, who'd live, and be maintain'd by others deaths?
Looke here, juſt now I caus'd him ſigne this grant,
The Provoſtſhip of *Necoſia* newly voyd,
Which being under's hand and ſeale confirm'd,
No new relapſe of favour can recall
The gift. You ſee your name here ſir carv'd out
In Roman Characters; the feat but done,
Ile put it in your hand, then ſtrait you may
Take horſe, ride poſt unto your government,
Your Siſter with you, on ſome Parſons ſtrong
Tall double Gelding ſir, kept in my ſtable for

That

That uſe; and then laugh at your Patron till he ſicken at your mirth.

Amad. But ſhall my husband Elect follow us?

Fred. And ride as ſwiftly as a Scythian from a battell loſt.

Amad. In my weak judgement Brother, our rewards are faire, I am reſolv'd to venture it. *Caſtr.* Early i'th morning ſir?

Fred. Iuſt at the firſt appearance of the light. The dore I told you of, muſt be the place.

Caſtra. You will be there protected with your ſvvord?

Fred. A Captaine, and raiſe doubts, that ſound like feares! Come ſir, all ſhall be ſafe. You to your Lady. Let's meet i'th upper lobby two houres hence, And there conſult. My Chymick fume I have Already tane, if that ſucceed, and this Plot thrive, I will require no more from my Vncertaine Fate, nor Art, vvhoſe uſuall ſcope, Is but to pay learn'd induſtry with hope. *Exeunt.*

Enter Theander, Eurithea, a Table, ſtooles, and lights ſet out.

Theand. Husband, and Wife, wee have a calling now; Shewes it not ſtrange, diſquieting thy tender eares With ſounds th'are unacquainted with? Titles (Mee thinks) that yet vvee know not hovv to weare, Wee ſhould be taught behaviour, and ſome formes Of gravity, are they not uſefull, *Eurithea?*

Eurith. My Lord, I am more ignorant than you. If wee have ventur'd upon errours, vvee'l Conceale them, and forgive our ſelves.

Theand. Her beauty kindles in my breſt new fires, Before the old are quench'd; vviſe *Fredeline* Told mee, our marriage vvould procure my remedie, Alas! the cure's to come, and novv I muſt Require't as cuſtome, or a duty from her; In my nice thoughts 'tvvill teach her impudence. O curs'd diſeaſe! What ſhall I doe?

Eurith. Theander, you are ſtill perplex'd, I thought The holy Prieſt had a Myſterious power To make theſe troubles ceaſe. Did you not vow Our Nuptials was the meanes to ſave your life?

Theand. To Bed, my *Eurithea*, it is late. They ſay the married paire are incident

To

To cares, tis fit then they ſhould ſleepe, prethee
To bed; ſhall I goe call thy woman?

Eurith. My Lord, you are not kind: the tedious houres
I could contract to Minutes in your company,
And waſte them faſter than our village girles
That dance in Meadows all the Month of *May*.
Ile take my leave, yet boldly too,
Withall the ſolemne ſweetneſſe of a Bride—— *Kiſſes*
My Lord, good-night.

Theand. I am inflam'd agen; did ſhe not take her leave, and ſay
Good-night? Then whither muſt I goe?
One bed I thought kind *Hymen* had allow'd
To both, ſince by his God-head wee are made
But one; thus it is gen'rally receiv'd: ſtay *Eurithea*, wee muſt talk.

Enter Amadine.

Amad. Madam, your Bed's prepar'd, ſhall I undreſſe
Your Ladiſhip, or the Bridegroome firſt?
I'th Province where I liv'd, wee us'd to call
A dozen apron Squires t'uncloath the husband,
Then ſow him in a Sheet, and lay him on his Pillow
Tamely, to expect the Bride two houres before ſhee came.

Eurith. Wench, thou art mad! D'you underſtand her ſir?

Theand. A little, *Eurithea*, doe not you?

Eurith. Shee talkes as it were fit wee two.

Amad. Should lye together, that's my meaning Madam.

Eurith. Hence, and leave us, immodeſt foole.

Amad. I knew t'would come to this— *Fredeline* will
Find my words true; the morning may perhaps
Make yee both Melancholly. *Exit.*

Eurith. This wench, *Theander*, hath been fam'd for wit;
I doubt ſhee hath experience too, in things
Not decent for th'obſervance of a Mayd.

Theand. Alas, ſhee talkes but what ſhe heares, and in
Her underſtanding ſeemes proper and fit!

Eurith. That we ſhould ſleepe together in one bed.

Theand. Indeed it ſounds moſt ſtrangely to us yet,
But uſe will dull thoſe ſcruples to the eare;
It muſt be done, cuſtome will be obay'd.

Eurith. Never by us. We'le live to be examples,
Not fit to follow thoſe, we cannot like.

Theand. Conſider gentle Love, ere you believe
Your owne opinions beſt. Why did we marry?
Eurith. That's eaſily reſolv'd, I thought *Theander*,
Some wild ſad jealouſie had vex'd thy heart
With feare of rivallſhip, and by this ſacred band
Thou would'ſt ſecure and tie me to thy ſelfe,
More ſafely to deſtroy anothers hope,
Though theſe were need'leſſe doubts. I never gave
You cauſe to hold my love in your ſuſpect.
Theand. Thou doſt miſtake my griefes, it hath a cauſe
More foule, which I'ld aquaint thee with, if it
Were comely to reveale't, but ſince I have
Betray'd and led thy guiltleſſe feet into
This ſacred ſnare, 'tis fit t'avoid the ſcornes
Which ſingularity, and overbaſhfull
Niceneſſe will beget; we'le live as others doe,
As much i'th practiſes of night, as day.
Eurith. O *Theander*! the ſweetneſſe of thy ſoule
Is ſowr'd, like *Cretan* wines that are too excellent
To laſt; my blood thou haſt to water turn'd,
And I ſhall ſoone conſume it all in teares.
Theand. Goe *Eurithea* to thy bed, ſleepe like
A Virgin not a wife, be by thy owne
Embraces warm'd, Injoy thy boſome to
Thy ſelfe, away! haſt to thy bed, I to
My grave, and let my Coffin lye
Vngarniſh'd in the earth, come not to ſtrew
It o're with flowres: I am ſo peſtilent
That I ſhould blaſt thee after death.
Eurith. *Theander* ſtay! Who knowes but heaven may give
Such mighty bleſſings to my ſpeech, that ſtraite
I may perſwade thee from thy guilty thoughts?
Theand. Never: my breaſt is now become
The burning priſon of the fiends, it is
So ſulpherous and hot, me thinkes they find
Their paniſhment increaſde, and would to coole
Themſelves, returne vnto their former hell.
Eurith. O direfull extacie! can I heare this and live?
Theand. Ile tell thee more, to make thee fly
With ſome kind Angels borrow'd wings, from this

Infected

Infected Region where I breath. Know all
Our marriage vowes (which certainely were firſt
Ordain'd for holy uſe) I meerely tooke,
As formall helpes to my pernicious luſt.
Eurith. Yet ſtay, in this ſhort tyranny of Time,
Thou canſt not be ſo ſinfull growne, as to deſpiſe
My pitty and my praiers too! ô ſtay.
Thean. I dare not, for thine eyes augment my ſmart,
Each ſmall neglected beame they ſhed,
I gather up in flames, and quite pervert
Their vertuous influence to a luſtfull fire.
Eurith. Thou loſt remainder of the nobleſt Prince,
The active Warre, or wiſer Courts e're knew,
How doe I bluſh to find my groanes and ſighes
Have left me breath enough to ſpeake my laſt
Farewell? *Thean.* How farre is it to heaven, that yet
This Ladyes mournings are not heard, for if
They were, my ſufferings and my guilt would ceaſe;
Or cannot our petitions climbe, and get
Acceſſe as nimbly as our faults? O this
Is it that ſo emboldens vex'd humanity,
Makes us complaine, thoſe undiſcern'd
Immortall governors are often in
Their bounty ſlow, in Iuſtice too ſevere,
And give not what we beg, but what we feare. *Exeunt.*

Act. 5. Scen. 1.

Enter Theander, Fredeline.

Theand. My gladneſſe doth orecome me *Fredeline*,
Some kind celeſtiall power hath phiſick'd me
With Immateriall baulme, the ſickeneſſe of
My bloud is gone, my hot and eager thoughts
Grow temp'rat now, my vaines are coole within,
As ſilver pipes repleniſh'd from a ſpring.
Fred. It ſeemes the Philophers *Doce* hath done
Working, 'tis well he is already married?
Theand. O I am light, more nimble then a Dove,
Or empty Eagles in their mornings flight;
Me thinkes this ſinfull veſtment of my fleſh
Showes cleane and new upon my ſoule, now I

Shall ſleepe agen, and have ſuch guiltleſſe dreames,
As I may tell my Mother when I wake.
Fred. 'Tis ſtrange the operation ſhould decay
So ſoone; ſome few howres hence my ſubtile Fume
Will governe in mine Eies: and there I hope
Continue longer then his Luſt hath done with him.
Theand. I'm thinking *Fredeline* how *Eurithea* will
Rejoyce, when ſhe ſhall finde what maſtery
Her holy friends above have wrought in my behalfe.
Fred. 'Tis now neare birth of day, and as I told
You ſir, to finde her penſive in her bed,
To draw her curraines, and reveale your ſelfe
Quite alter'd and recover'd in your minde,
Will by the ſudden wonder much augment
Her joy. *Theand.* It muſt be full of pleaſure, ſhow the way.
Fred. That's her Chamber ſir, but through a backe doore
(Vnleſſe her carefull woman hinder us
By a ſtrong bolt) I can convay you to her without noyſe;
Make me your guide, and move to your right hand.
Theand. I ſhall be welcom'd and admir'd, as I
Had made my viſit from a Region ſo
Remote, that my returne would be no more
Believ'd, then from the grave—
Fred. Here I injoyn'd my Captaine and his ſiſter ſtand conceal'd.
If he ſhould proove too cowardly for ſuch
A guilt, I were undone— Sure that's his voice.
Enter Caſtraganio (in a night gown unready) & Amadine.
Caſtr. They both are come, ſpeake lowder *Amadine*,
He cannot heare us elſe. *Theand.* Hah! who are theſe?
Fred. They come from *Eurithea's* Chamber, ſir,
Lets retire to the Arras, and liſten to their talke——
Amad. Brother take heede how you diſcourſe
And boaſt of your acceſſe, *Theander* would
Goe neere to kill us both, if he but knew
Of this nights revelling.
Caſtra. Doſt thinke I weare my tongue ſo ſlipp'ry in
My mouth, theſe are not pleaſures fit to be
Reveald: away, w'have ſaid enough?— *Ex. Caſtra. & Amad.*
Fred. They have obſerv'd the language I preſcrib'd,
To the ſtrictneſſe of a ſillable.

Theand.

Theand. Sure he did urge my name: and ſpoke as it
Concern'd my Iuſtice to deſtroy em both.
Who are they, thou knowſt em *Fredeline?*
Fred. My indeer'd friend: can you be guilty of
Such cloſe night exerciſe?
Theand. Who is thy friend? death on thy courteous feares?
Why doſt conceale't ſo long? What is he call'd?
Fred. Were he my brother, and thus iniur'd you,
My ſecrecie ſhould never make him ſafe.
'Tis *Caſtraganeo* and his ſiſter *Amadine*,
She that attends upon your wife.
Theand. My wife: that title's new, and will grow horrid now!
Her Chamber was their Sphere of revelling:
They came from thence. *Fred.* Can you thinke ſo, my Lord?
Theand. Why doſt thou ſtrive to leſſen my beliefe,
With wearing ſuch diſguiſes on thine owne?
Thou ſaw'ſt they came from thence.
Fred. Sir, if they did, that can inferre no cauſe,
To make your reaſon ſo diſquieted;
Are there not many of theſe Tiffany
Young kerchiefe people that will have their lovers in
Their Ladies Chamber whilſt ſhee ſleepes?
Theand. Her Lover *Fredeline!* thou wouldſt beguile
My Iealouſie with hopes impoſſible:
It is her brother, thinke on that.
Fred. Can Inceſt ſeeme ſo ſtrange to your conceit?
The ſooner ſir, for by that meanes th'are ſure
T'increaſe th'alliance, of thoſe children which
They get, and make them more a kinne unto themſelues;
But if the gentle *Eurithea* you
Suſpect (as be it farre from my dull thoughts
To raiſe a fawcy feare) let me kill him—
Theand. Goe, follow ſtraite: bring me his heart, that I
May ſee it pant and bleed within my hand.
Kill him, his ſiſter too. Yet ſtay, ſtay *Fredeline*;
'Tis not the cuſtome of my ſoule, to be
Reveng'd by Deputie, or fix my anger where
There is not equall ſtrength and valour to incounter it.
Fred. But ſir, if he ſhould live
To prattle in his Wine, and boaſt what he hath done?

Theand. Goe then, take care thou ſee him ſtrait Imbarqu'd,
And let ſome cunning Pilote ſteere him to
A coaſt ſo wild and diſtant from this Clime,
That's language never may be underſtood:
Not to ſecure my fame, but in a piteous tenderneſſe
To *Eurithea's* Sex. Falſe *Eurithea!*
When I had purg'd my memory of all
My raw unwholeſome thoughts, couldſt thou defile't
Agen with acting what I but unwillingly deſir'd?
Fred. 'Tis worth my poore vexation too,
When I conſider how the ſcornefull, that
Malign'd the pure cæleſtiall ſect of
Lovers, which you mutually conſpir'd
To raiſe, will ſmile when they ſhall heare of this,
And ſay, 'twas but an old *Platonick* trick.
Theand, Leave me, and ſee him ſuddenly imbarqu'd.
Fred. Sir, your command ſhall be obey'd; but I
Beſeech you not proceed to danger, on
Theſe weake unlucky doubts.
Theand. This was the cauſe ſhe did diſſwade me from
Her bed, that ſhe might make another roome,
Moſt virgin-like pretending 'twas a crime to aske
A husbands priviledge: prethee leave me.
Fred. I dare not yet my noble injur'd Prince. *Exeunt.*

Enter Caſtraganio, and Amadine.

Caſt. I'm glad the danger's paſt: It had beene hard
To teach me venture it, but that the Provoſtſhip
Was a moſt powerfull baite.
Ama. And then to make the rich yong *Gridonel* my husband too,
For all his plotts are ſure. *Caſt.* But that which perfected
My confidence, was thy aſſurance of
The Ladye's eaſie inclination to
Forgive; for as thou told'ſt me, if the worſt
Succeed, and we ſhould be conſtrain'd to tell
The truth, ſhe'le pitty young beginners, that
Are forc'd to hazard a little honeſty
To make em rich, and is able to
Procure *Theanders* pardon as her owne.
Amad. You may preſume it and rejoyce, for I
Have felt her breaſt; 'tis ſoft and tender as a Pellicans.—

Enter

Enter Fredeline, with a Parchment writing, and Pocket Inckhorne.

Fred. My noble Captaine, and my precious friend,
I will not name what laſting gratitude,
Your cares and courage have oblieg'd me to:
Men that are hearty and ſincere come late
With promiſes, and earely with their deedes.
Caſt. I hope ſir, though our dialogue were ſhort,
We utter'd your meaning in your owne words.
Amad. My voice was valiant too, and lowd enough.
Fred. All was exacter then my hopes deſir'd:
And now (juſt dealing ſir doth ſtrengthen love)
There is the Patent for your Provoſtſhip.
Pray put it in your pocket ſafe, make choice
Of all my Horſes, ſtraite to haſten you
Vnto your government. *Amad.* And ſhal my husband follow us?
Fred. Iuſt now, he's drawing on his bootes, hee'le ride
Halfe naked with his leggs, for out of haſt,
He hath forgot to put his ſtockings on.
Amad. Were he quite nak'd, he ſhould be welcome, ſir.
Fred. Friend, I implore I may by ev'ry Poſt
Have letters of thy buſineſſe, and thy health;
And pretty *Amadine* when you have children,
(As heaven no doubt, will ſend you ſtore) pray keepe
Them warme, and let em eate no fruit, nor fiſh;
You goe unto a cold raw clime, and I
Deſire all your poſteritie might thrive.
Amad. It is the kindeſt gentleman.
Fred. Wee'le meete i'th ſtable ſtraite, there have
A parting teare or two, and ſo farewell.
Miſchiefe on my fraile memory. I had
Forgot a written Scedule here, to which *drawes out a paper*
I muſt intreat your hands—— *Pen and Inke.*
Caſt. How! what is it ſir?
Fred. Onely a ſhort certificate, that juſtifies
You lay with *Eurithea* ſir, and *Amadine*
Muſt needs ſubſcribe, as witneſſe that ſhe ſaw you in her bed.
Caſt. You ſhall excuſe me. *Fred.* Can you deny me this?
Amad. What w'have already done can raiſe but his
Suſpitions, this will make him mad.
Fred. Speake, will you write?

Caſtra.

Caſtra. Our other crime if it be found may be
Forgiven, but once conſent to this, hee'le grow
Too wiſe ſir, to be mercifull.
Fred. Well, I muſt ſeeke for friendſhip among beaſts,
There is no melting courteſie, no honeſty
In men. Determine ſtraite, will ye ſubſcribe?
Caſtr. You have our anſwer, Signior, pray receive't.
Fred. Deare friend I take my leave. Sweet *Amadine*
Farewell. I'm ſorry we muſt part, as blind
Men doe, never to ſee each other more.
Caſtr. Believe not ſo vnkindly of our deſtinies.
Fred. Never, I feare: for I ſuſpecting youl'd deny
This ſmall requeſt, was faine to hire
Two ſhaggy ill-look'd Gentlemen, a brace
Of maſſie hilted rogues, who waite below
To cut your throats. *Caſt.* Y'are not in earneſt ſir.
Fred. Deare friend, when did you find I was in jeaſt.
However if you'le fixe your names in writing here,
You may goe on with ſafety to your goverment;
Shall they come up? *Amad.* No, no ſir, if they be rogues,
And have ſuch ſhaggy lookes: Brother, I finde
He's miſchievous. *Caſt.* Give me the paper ſir—*He writes, and*
Fred. Gentle Miſtreſſe, your name too— *gives it Amadine.*
So, now ye are kind, let me embrace you both.
And pray looke on the Pattent ſir, I gave
You to aſſure the Provoſtſhip.— *Caſtra takes it out*
Caſtr. Hah! here wants the Dukes hand. *and opens it.*
Fred. Right: to what purpoſe pray ſhould it be there,
When th'office is not faine.
Caſtr. I'm guli'd, led by the noſthrill like an Aſſe.
Amad. Nor ſhall I have no husband, Signior?
Fred. Introth I have beene buſied much of late,
And never ſpoke unto the Gentleman;
Beſides, I thought y'had beene inclin'd to the *Platonicke* way.
Amad. I would my nayles were long enough, villaine,
I'ld flay thee into raggs. *Fred.* Alas, I ſmile at Injuries.
Caſtr. Peace, doe not anger him: come ſifter wee'le
Vnto my Garriſon. I've a Commiſſion for
A Company, I hope you'le ſpeake unto
The Duke I may injoy't. I'm ſure his hand is to't.

Fred.

Fred. But yet you'le find a willing ſmall
Miſtake too in that grant; the Captaine is
Not dead that had the place.
Caſtr. Would I had ſpirit but to beate my ſelfe.
Fred. You are a *Florentine*; one of the ſubtle Tribe,
That thinke your neighbours have no braines, but what
They meete ſerv'd in with ſage and vinegar,
To a calfes head: I pray believe you found
A dull Sicilian once, that could out-wit a Tuſcan Gentleman.
Caſtr. Y'are maſter of your pleaſure ſir; whither ſhall we go?
Fred. You muſt to Sea. *Amad.* To ſea, Ile drown here firſt.
Or aske pardon, and confeſſe all.
Fred. Not one word more on forfeiture of life.
Caſtr. My wonder makes me dumbe, I need no threats.
Fred. You ſhall to the *Bermudoes* friend, and there
Plant Cotton whilſt your Siſter learnes to ſpinne:
It is the Dukes command, and till I can
Provide a Ship, I muſt incloſe you in
A garret ſafe, where you may weepe and meditate.
No howling now, nor crying lowd, for feare
My ill-fac'd blades below ore heare't, and ſtrait
To quallifie your voyces cut your throats;
Nor doe not grumble curſes out, I hold
Them much unwholſome in a morning ere I breake my faſt.—*Ex.*

Enter Phylomont, Buonateſte, Ariola.

Phyl. I'm weary of this cold *Platonick* life:
D'you thinke that Ile ſit ſighing thus (*Ariola*)
Vnder a Poplar tree, or whining by
A River ſide, like a poore Fiſherman
That had loſt his Net? Either conſent to marry,
Or I will ſtrait take horſe, ride to my Province
And ſeeke ſome dowre right virgin out, that knowes
Natures plaine lawes, though not the Art of love.
Ariol Can you complaine I am unkinde, or the
Sweet freedome which I give, is not ſo much
As either's vertue might allow?
Phyl. It is enough! Men that are ſatisfy'd
With winde and ayre, may keepe Camelions company;
I'm of an other diet; I, my learned
New acquaintance here, laughes to conceive

What *Hercules* and's 50 Miſtreſſes
Would have thought of a *Platonick* lover.
Buon. He would have beaten's braines out with his Clubb.
Phyl. Will you conſent to marry, ſpeake?
Ariol. If I am powerfull with thee *Phylomont*,
Let me but woe thee to the Woods agen,
And try how my perſwaſions can ſubdue
Thy minde, unto our former temp'rat love.
Phyl. No I thanke heaven; I'le ſooner goe thither
To rob poore Squirrels of their nuts, my ſage,
And learned Author, ſhall I humble you
So much as to goe bid my followers
Prepare for my departure hence.
Buon. Stay a little ſir, the Lady may relent.
Phylo. My hopes grow cold. I'le inſtantly away.
Ariol. Stay *Phylomont*: I doe command thee ſtay,
By the religion of thy ſacred vowes.
Phylo. One houre I will; upon condition too,
You walke aſide with my Philoſopher,
And liſten reverently to his advice.
Ariol. My reaſon's fortify'd, let him come in,
Phylo. Away, uſe all the force of your capacitie.
Buon. *Plato* ſhall loſe one fond diſciple ſir,
Or I'le goe burne my bookes, and ſindge my beard
Off in the flame. — *Exeunt.*

Enter Theander, and Eurithea, at ſeverall doores:

Theand. In this courſe Pilgrimes weed, I ſhall injoy
That quietneſſe, which though great Princes have
The power oft to preſerve in others, yet
Can ne're command unto themſelves.
Eurith. Alas, my Lord, what have I done,
That you ſhould leave me to ſuſpect
My Innocence? Why, will you thus become
A holy wanderer to ſeeke that happineſſe
In other Lands, which here you ſcornefully
Forſake? What have I done? *Theand* Is thy offence
Growne up to be thy glory now, doſt love
To heare it told? or art thou ſooth'd with ſilly hope
It is conceald, the Starres are witneſſes;
They all grew weary of the night, and wiſh'd

For

For clowdes to hide their radient eyes, from what
Vnwillingly they ſaw?
Eurith. Baſe my amazement quickly, or I dye.
Theand. Thou *Eurithea*, and the world are growne
Too falſe and ſubtile, for the eaſie dull
Sincereneſſe of my heart, I will retyre
To Deſarts and to Rocks, there feed the winds
With my continuall ſighes: untill I raiſe
A ſtorme ſhall nightly ſhake this Pallace towres,
And give thy flattr'ing conſcience cauſe to feare,
Though I am gone ſtill my revenge dwells here. *Exit.*
Eurith. O I would follow, but my griefes are growne
So burdenſome, they bow me to the ground. *She falls.*
How various are the changes of our fate,
Now muſt I loſe him, when he's ſafe reſtor'd
To all his chaſte and noble thoughts: which way
Could I conſent to an offence? I am
By ſome conſpiracie betray'd.

Enter Fredeline.

Fred. This fellow and his ſiſter muſt be ſent
To Sea with ſpeed, for feare ſome watchfull accident
Diſcover all, *Eurithea*! the moſt
Illuſtrious Princeſſe of this Iſle: looke up
Faire Virgin-wife; alas, why doe you weepe?
Eurith. I am forſaken, loſt! *Theander* is
Vnkind, o'recome with jealouſie and ſcorne.
Fred. Madame, I thinke, I partly know the cauſe,
Believ't, there are more villaines in the world,
Then will appeare ſo in the face, though it
Be waſh'd, and ſhav'd, then view'd with open lights.
Eurith. But ſir, know you what thus diſturbs my Lord?
Fred. Your Woman's falſe: her brother ſuch a knave
As were he ſent to hell, the Fiends would crowd
Together in a nooke, t'avoid his company.
Eurith. She and her brother falſe to me!
Fred. Riſe up, I doe beſeech your Excellence;
And having wip'd away thoſe liquid pearles
From of your beuteous eyes, read this and wonder. — *She riſes &*
Eurith. O diſmall! horrid treachery— *takes a paper from him.*
Fred. There you perceive, he doth affirme, he did

Injoy your bed, and *Amadine* subscribes
To witnesse what he certifies.

Eurith. Though they are cruell, I forgive them both.

Fred. That's heavenly said: yet marke their impudence,
This note they sent to me, t'intreat me give
It to the Duke, but when I doe,
Let the quotidian gowt cease on my hands,
Vntill my fingers grow more knotty then a Maple roote.

Eurith. Sir, I believe you'le strive
Rather to lessen his suspition, than
By new contrivements give it growth.

Fred. D'you thinke I am of humane race? this roome
Is much too publicke for your miseries.
I pray retyre within, and wee'le consult,
How to dispell all these inchanted clowdes.

Eurith. You are become the treasure of my hope,
And will obliege me when my fortune smiles
Agen, unto a gratitude, that shall
Be great, and suffer no decay.

Fred. Already she is very kind, I hope
My fume begins to worke, I'le gaze upon
Her still untill mine eyes melt into hers. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iaspero, Gridonell, Arnoldo.

Iasp. Your Father sent us to release you sir,
You have the house at liberty agen,
He sayes, he may trust you with women now,
For there is such a blemish found in one
Of the fairest of the sex, as he presumes,
Will teach all men to fly their company.

Grid. Indeed my danger towards women's past.
For whether't be with fasting out
My supper twice, or walking gently in
My shirt, whilst the Moone shin'd, I cannot tell,
But I am strangely alter'd, growne so cold
Within, as I had layne a whole night *perdu*
O'top o'th Alpes *Arnol* But you were very hot before?

Grido. O *Arnoldo*, thou maist be glad thy sister
Was dead, I had so mauld her else.

Iasp. 'Twas happy mine was at sucke too.

Grido. Th'art in the right; for had she beene but old

Enough

Enough to weare a bondgrace on her brow,
And nibble Gingerbread, ſh'ad ſerv'd my turne.
Arnold. 'Twas a miraculous feaver you was in.
Grido. Well, ſhall I tell you gentlemen, believ't,
I had eaten ſome ſtrange odd meat, the pickled kidney of
A Goate, or the rumpe of a devill broyld.
But have you heard of a faire Lady that had got a blemiſh?
Iaſp. Our brave new Dutcheſſe ſir, ſh'ath troubled all
The houſe, and in her very bridall night
They ſay, playd the Adultreſſe. *Grid.* How, gentlemen?
Pray heare me ſpeake; I've judgement in theſe things.
I will be hang'd, if ſh'ath not d pp'd her finger
In a French pie, ſome kickſhaw made of ſeverall
Strange bits. Iuſt ſuch as I encountred with,
And there devour'd the kidney of a Goate.
Come let's goe ſeeke my Father out. *Exeunt.*

Enter Phylomont, Sciolto, and Buonateſte.

Phyl. Though I eſteeme *Theander* at a rate,
As if I vallew'd all his victories,
And all the civill honours he hath wonne,
By conqu'ring the miſterious ſenſe of bookes:
And adde to this our loves, begotten in
Our Infancy, our noble friendſhip of
A better growth, Yet *Eurithea* is
My Siſter, and the chiefeſt of my blood,
One whoſe virtue and perfection I'm ſo well
Experienc'd in, that neither can admit
My leaſt ſuſpition or my feare, th'are both
Abus'd, but if my friend will grow too credulous,
Ile learne to uſe him as my Enemy.
Sciolt. For my part ſir, I want inſtructions, what
I ſhould believe, and words to utter halfe
The diſmall wonders I have heard: But ſure
He doth proceed on grounds ſo relative,
As would perſwade the wiſeſt to a Iealouſie.
Yet on my ſoule ſhee's cleare.
Phylo. Then there is treachery, let it be found;
If he permit my Siſters honour bleed,
Without full arguments to warrant his
Suſpect, ere yet the circuit of one Moone

Be added to my age, I'le give
The people of this Province cauſe to curſe
Their Princes negligence.

Bnon. Your Grace hath found I've beene a little proſperous
Of late in your affaire, truſt me with this:
Be pleaſ'd to tarry here a while conceal'd,
You both ſhall finde I will untie theſe Magick knots,
And ſtrait reſtore the Innocent to ſuch
A light, as ſhall have force to make their virtue ſhine.

Sciol. My man o'Medicines, if thou performe this
Although old *Æſculape* had but a Cock
Allow'd him for a cure, thou every meale,
Shalt have a brace of fat cram'd Capons at
Thy board, each of em larger than a Dragon?

Enter Theander like a Pilgrime.

Theand. I ſeeke thee *Phylamont*, and like a friend
Whoſe kindneſſe growes upon him neere his death:
I come to give thee Legacies, the Armes I woone
At *Capua* are thine, and thoſe *Sardinian* horſe
I choſe for our laſt warre; my glories are
Ecclipſ'd, and I will goe where there's no neede
Of pollicie nor ſtrength, unto ſome darke
And emptie wildemeſſe, where Fame can put
Her Trumpet to no uſe, where all my danger is
Leanenſſe, and cold, but I ſhall live ſecure,
From Ladies that are faire and falſe.

Phyl. Were I ſo cruell to beleeve the cauſe
Of thy calamity a truth, I would
Inueſt me too in ſuch a homely weed,
And wander with thee where the Sunne,
In's vniverſall journey ſhould not find
Vs out? but thou art govern'd by miſtakes,
Some treacherous practiſe hath ſubdu'd thy ſenſe;
For both our fateties thinke my ſiſter ſuch,
As I pronouce of thine, I muſt not find her in thy doubts.

Theand. O *Phylemon!* I have
Not blood enough to uſe in bluſhes, ſhould I name her crime.

Phylo Thy paſſions I forgive agen! but marke
How much they are miſ-led, this learned Gentleman,
Will free diſguiſed truth out of that Labyrinth,

And

And diſmall ſhade where ſhe reſides, then give
An inſtant remedy to all our griefes.
Buon. But you muſt promiſe patience ſir, and when
I give the ſigne, retire to'th the Arras all ſilent and conceal'd.
Theand. Such bleſſings as you promiſe ſeldome come
From heaven, I'm ſure no humane helpe can doe't.
Enter Fredeline creeping in, as he were ſicke.
Buon. Away, liſten and hide your ſelues, there ſtands
The Conjurer that I muſt firſt outcharme.
Fred. How am I Planet-ſtruck, how ſuddenly
Depriv'd of ſtrength, I breath faintly, and ſhort;
Like wearied Courſers when the race is done:
My ſinewes ſhrinke, and beare me crooked when
I move, as I had beene their load a hundred yeares.
Palſies and Agues have poſſeſſ'd my joints,
I quiver like a naked *Ruſſian* in
The ſnow; and my dimme eyes begin to glare,
And winke like to a long neglected Lampe
Whoſe oyle is waſted to a dropp.
Buon. The generous *Fredeline*? how doe you ſir?
Fred. Villaine, Th'aſt poyſon'd me, the minerals which
Thou gaveſt me in thy fume were full of death?
Buon. I muſt confeſſe they were not very wholeſome—*Frede-*
Nay, be not angry ſir, you draw a ſword? *line offers to draw.*
You draw a knitting needle or a ruſh,
Las poore weake gentleman? but if you could,
Here at my old friend *Archymedes* ward
I'ld ſtand.—We Mathematick Mounſiers have
Our lines reverſ'd, and our ſtoccato's too.
Fred This ſcorne will bring a worſe diſeaſe into
My gaule, than whats already in my blood.
Buon. You have beene bred in Cities, Courts, and Campes,
And weighed the hearts and braines of men in your
Owne ſcales, would foole the wiſeſt Conclave too,
Though they went faſting to conſult; ſo wiſe,
You'ld make the Devill overſee at Cards,
And then perſwade him's hornes hung in his light.
You had your plots, but wee dull bookemen have
Our counterplots. *Fred.* Sir, 'tis confeſſ'd too late.
Buon. It was not in the power of Art to make

That

That ſume I promiſ'd you, els you had had
It ſir, but this will ſerve your turne as well,
'I will end your luſt and give it eaſe at once.
Fred. Have pitty on my languiſhment and paines.
Buon. Y'are now within the armes of death; but I've
A cordiall that may proove reſtorative,
If you will juſtly anſwer what I aske.
Fred. All ſir, and not diſguiſe an article.
Buon. How did you raiſe this jealouſie in the
Offended Duke? I've heard he found two at
His Ladies Chamber doore, where they diſcourſ'd
Such language as inferr'd *Eurithea* falſe.
Fred. Sir, they were planted there by me, and what
They ſaid was counterfeit, ſuch as I then
Appointed them to ſpeake? *Theand.* O damn'd infernall ſlave!
Phylo. I held him for a ſober Saint.
Sciol Containe your ſelfe my Lord: you ſhall heare more.
Buon. Where have you hid thoſe pious Inſtruments?
Fred. 'Twas *Caſtraganio*, and his Siſter *Amadine*;
Th'are lock'd i'th Garret neere the Turret leads?
Theand. Give way to my revenge, that I may kill
Him with my foot, ſpurne out his monſtrous ſoule—
Phylo. *Theander* hold, Your anger was not wont to ſtoope ſo (low?
Theand. Your counſel's timely ſir,
I give you thankes; *Sciolto* beare him from
My ſight: let him and's curſed Inſtruments be ſafely kept.
Sciol. Doe you grinne now? a pox o'your milde lookes.
You tooke a precious care o'th Dukes poſteritie?
Fred. I'm an unfornate *Platonicke* Gentleman.
Buon. Keepe him for juſtice Sir, the Phyſicke which
He tooke will quickly ceaſe its violence. *Exeunt Sciolto, Fred.*

Enter Ariola, Eurithea.

Ariol. Where is *Theander*, that hath vex'd the beſt
And gentleſt Lady in the world to ſuch
Aſtoniſhment, that ſhee is drown'd in teares?
Theand. Kind *Eurithea* pardon me, thy fate
Decreed, that thou who haſt ſo long preſerv'd
My life, ſhouldſt by thy mercie now have privilege
To give it too.
Eurith. Reſtore me to your love (my Lord) and then

Your

Your bounty is ſo great, that all I can beſtow, will be declin'd,
And not ſeeme worthy of your thankes.
Theand. Things are reveal'd, thou'lt heare of horrid Miracles:
But ſure, henceforth I ſhall not dare to truſt
My heart within mine owne inconſtant breſt;
It muſt be lodg'd in thine.
Enrith. I ſhall be tender how I give it cauſe
Of a remove, leſſe mine goe with it too.
Phylo. Ariola, my Philoſopher ſayes
His Lectures pierc'd quite through your tender eares.
Ariol. Well ſir, y'had beſt to take mee whilſt
My new Religion is i'th fit; hee has
A mighty reaſon, and a fluent tongue.

Enter Sciolto and Gridonell.

Phyl. To th'Chappell then, my buſineſſe will lye there.
Sciolt. The villaine is impriſon'd ſir, and his
Confederates acknowlegde all that hee
Reveal'd, for an unhappy truth.
Theand. My *Enrithea* muſt become their Judge,
And my Provinciall Lawes ſhall ſleepe awhile.
Enrith. That will but hearten others to doe wrong,
For mine will be an eaſie doome.
Sciolt. Pray ſir, bee knowne to my Phyloſopher.
Theand. I muſt embrace him for my friend.
Sciolt. Well, he hath done ſtrange feats: you tooke a powder,
And my Son too, there was no harme intended.
You ſhall heare all within, perhaps find cauſe
To ſwaddle my old Hide.
Grid. By this hand ſir, were you not my Father I would begin;
I thought y'had powder'd mee, 'tis well the heat
Is paſt. Lord, how I dream't of Taffatie
Kirtles, French Gownes, and fine Italian tires,
That hung (mee thought) by my Bed ſide.
Sciolt. Son, Ile requite thee with a wife; my friend
Hath ſo behav'd himſelfe for th'credit of
The Arts, that Ile be at charge of a Primmer,
And a Feſcue till thou learne to reade.
Phylo. Theander, my advice is good, when you
Poſſeſſe your Ladies Bed, your ſelfe, y'are the
Beſt ſentinell to hinder th'onſlaught of

The Enemie, whining and puling Love is fit
For Evenuches and for old revolced Nunnes.
Theand. I ſhall incline in time.
Phyl. And when I'm married ſir, I ſtrait command
You heare this briske Philoſopher one houre
Vpon that Theame.
Buon. Wiſe Nature is my Miſtriſſe ſir, I ſhall
Demeane my ſelfe moſt ſtoutly in her cauſe.
Theand. Then ſurely I muſt yield: Come *Phylemon*,
Your Nuptiall Rites perform'd, let's all enjoy
The treaſure of his knowledge and his tongue.
Yet wee (my *Eurithea*) have a while
So rul'd each other with nice feares, that none
Hereafter will in civill kindneſſe doubt
There are *Platonick Lovers*, though but few,
The Sect conceal'd, and ſtill imagin'd new. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

EPILOGVE.

VNto the Maſculine I can afford
By ſtrict Commiſſion ſcarce one courteous word
Our Author hath ſo little cauſe to boaſt
His hopes from you, that hee eſteemes them loſt,
Since not theſe two long houres amongſt you all
Hee can find one will proove Platonicall;
But theſe ſoft Ladies, in whoſe gentle eyes
The richeſt Bleſſings of his Fortune lyes,
With ſuch obſequious homage hee doth greet,
As hee would lay his Laurell at your feet:
For you (hee knowes) will thinke his Doctrine good
Though's recreate the Mind and not the Blood.